

MONKEE SHAKE-UP!

JAN / 25c

16

MAGAZINE

PDC

DAVY HIS UNTOLD SECRET
PETER THE DAY HE CRIED
MICKY HIS GREATEST FEAR
MIKE HIS BANG-UP BATTLE

INZID
IZ
ZEE
ZILCHIE

**MARK
RAIDERS
DD & B
HERMITS**

**SHARE
THEIR
WILD
NIGHTS!**

MONKEES
INVITE YOU TO THEIR PRIVATE PARTY

**WIN
HAIR
BADGES
FROM**

**DAVY
MICKY
MIKE
PETER**

1000 PRIZES - U CAN WIN E-Z

**BIGGEST
COLOR
PIN-UPS!**

**JIM MORRISON'S
MYSTERY GIRL**
WAS IT YOU??

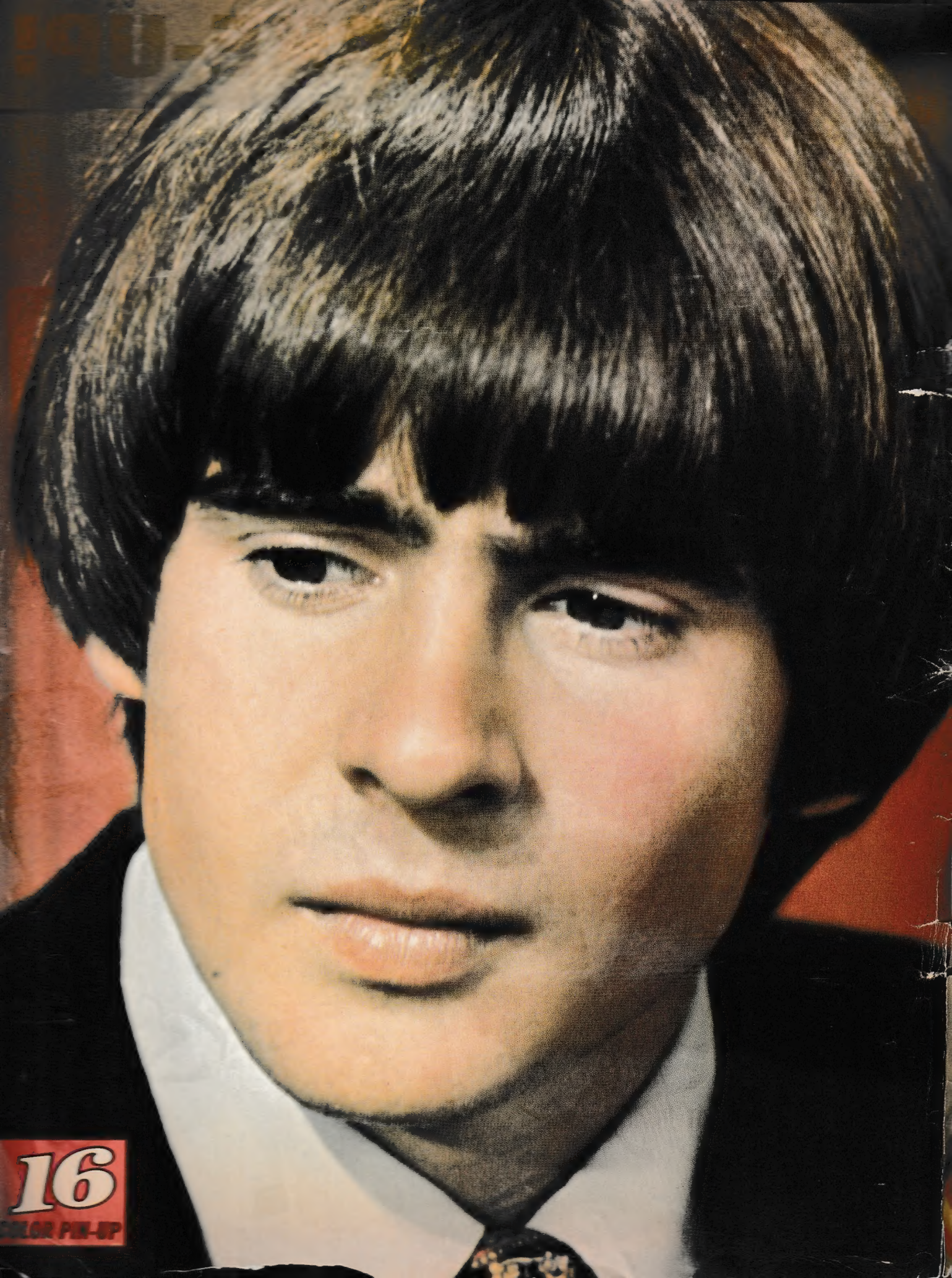
**RASCALS
REVEALED**

80
RED-HOT
?'s

BEATLES
NEWEST SURPRISE!

JON PROVOST • CONVERSE
CHRIS CROSBY • TWIGG
SALLY • JAY & SAJD



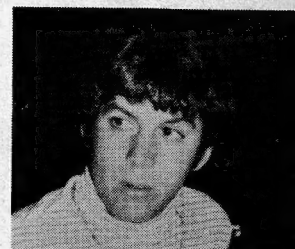




"MONKEES & YOU"

BY DAVID PEARL

If you—and you alone—could talk privately to Micky, Mike, Peter and Davy, here is what they would confide to you: the secret thoughts and intimate feelings that reveal them as they really are.



MANY OF YOU have written to 16 Magazine asking what the Monkees like to talk about when they are relaxed and away from the cameras. What you seem to want to know most of all is what *really* concerns them—apart from their show-business careers, of course. So let's take a trip into the private world and thoughts of each of America's most popular teen idols and find out what it's like to have a private conversation with Micky, Mike, Peter and Davy.

MICKY'S MIND

Alone in the living room of the hideaway home he recently purchased in Laurel Canyon, Micky Dolenz is very

relaxed and very forthright. If you ask him straight out what matters to him more than anything else in the world, this is what he will say to you: "Some day, when all this television, recording and doing concerts is over, I hope that I will be able to contribute something great to society—something that will be there forever. By 'great', I don't mean something that will stand the world on its ear. I mean something that is full and complete and meaningful. For instance, I would like to be able to point to a house one day and say, 'You see that house? I built it with these hands from the ground up'."

At this point, Micky will proudly point out the window

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



Chris



Gary & John "Joni"



Donovan



Eric Jr.

THE LO-DOWN

POR LA GATTA

Watch for **ELECTRIC CHRIS JONES TO BECOME THE GREATEST YOUNG MOVIE STAR SINCE JAMES DEAN!** He's got what it takes, and A-1 Fan have provided him with the proper vehicle—the highly controversial film *Wild In The Streets*, about a teenage idol who becomes president of the U.S. . . . Don't be upset by that now in the middle of **DAVY JONES** hour. He did it just as a gag for a few segments on *The Monkees* series. . . . The members of a top American group really ought to rock it. Their fans loved them on they were simple, sweet and bony—and unlike "groovy guys who could live men dogs." All was well for a while, but now the members of this group have all out-tipped-tipped-tipped-tipped themselves. Hey, guys, come back and be cool again. O.K.?

Dearest one of all, **DONOVAN**, has started a fantastic new trend which consists in instead of screaming, stamping and clapping through his performances, his young devoted fans listen quietly while he performs and, after each number, they walk to the rear of the stage, where they place offerings of flowers, hats and beads at **DONOVAN's** feet. There's no screaming or screaming and no attempts to out-

beat the security guards. It's really beautiful and relaxing. . . . Best New York TV music show is still **CLAY CULEY's** *Delirium* on **WPIX** Saturday nights 6:30 to 7:30. Sorry the whole world can't see it.

Surprise! **PAUL WILSON** has an adorable son. Another surprise! His name is **EARL WILSON, JR.** Third surprise! He's a night club performer and record artist. If you'd like to dig him, pick up an old issue Mercury single record. . . . **CANDYMEN** are gaining a fabulous reputation for being able to duplicate almost exactly the sounds of the various latest hit records. They are also extraordinary songwriters, having composed tunes for **BOY GRIZZON**, **TOMMY BOE** and **BILLY JOE ROYAL**. . . . Songwriter—born youth-philosopher **PHILIP OCHS** has returned to his old stomping grounds, Greenwich Village. Before he could move around twice, his brand-new, fantastic LP *Peacocks On The Harbor* jumped onto the charts and he performed for a sold-out crowd at New York's famous Carnegie Hall. Welcome back, my friend.

Steven Frank Wall & Clay



Candymen



Paul



16

**TOP FAVORITE
OF OVER
SIX MILLION TEENERS**

VOL. 9

MAGAZINE

JAN., 1968

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"MONKEES & YOU"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

toward his garden. "That bridge out there—the little wooden one across the brook—I built that. I feel good about it, because it's nice to look at." Micky will pause, then continue: "Don't get me wrong. I dig being a Monkee and a pop star, but eventually I want to do *more* with my life. I believe that we all should set the highest possible standards and then do all we can to live up to them."

MICKY'S GREATEST FEAR

Micky will sit quietly, pondering for a minute, and then will say softly, "I have one great fear, and that is that maybe something will happen—I don't know what, but something serious and unavoidable—which will prevent me from attaining my highest goals. I would hate to leave this earth too soon—before I can make a contribution that would be *truly* helpful and that would be remembered forever—"

Micky's voice trails off and he sits in quiet introspection. You understand, and you do not break the silence. Suddenly, Micky jumps up. It's as though bright lights had flashed on everywhere, and he is once again a Monkee madman.

"Follow me!" he shouts, and rushes down the stairs to his den, where he starts pounding on his drums. You stand in rapt attention as he shouts, "That's it! That's it! *Exactly* what I was looking for! Now, I'll put a few finishing touches on it and it will be done."

Micky pounds again for awhile and then scribbles some notes, and after he has calmed down he explains to you, "I just completed a song for which I wrote *all* the parts, and I've got it down in time for our next album." He pauses and says, "Now, all I need is a title for it. Got any ideas?"

ENTER "BIKE MIKE"

Before you can answer there is the roar of a motorbike

outside, and you both hurry to see who has arrived. You know it's Mike Nesmith even before he removes his helmet because of the way the bike is painted—bright blue with pearl white trimmings and TRIUMPH printed on the side of the gas tank. Mike takes off his bright white safety helmet and Micky rushes out and embraces him. Then they exchange "The Monkee Handshake". It consists of pressing the palms of the hands together and bowing slightly. It's called *harnaste* and it is an Eastern Indian form of greeting. Mike has driven over to pick up a set of photos Micky had taken of him and Phyllis. Micky gives Mike the photos, and then Mike asks you if you would like to go for a quick spin on his bike. As you hesitate, Micky says, "Of course, she would!"—and he picks you up and plops you on the back part of the bike's big double seat.

Mike slaps his helmet back on his head and tells you to hang on. The next sound you hear is the loudest roar in the world, and in a split second you are both zinging through the winding roads of Laurel Canyon all the way down to the beach below! The water is beautiful, and Mike slows and finally stops.

"Let's sit here and talk for a minute," he suggests—and you climb up on a little sea wall and sit and listen to what the real Mike Nesmith has to say.

"There was a time," he begins, "when I wondered what would become of me in the future. That was about three years ago, when I had no idea that one day I would be a Monkee on TV. There was a time when I wondered how I was going to support Phyllis and Christian. I wanted them to have the best of everything, and I didn't want them to worry about the future. It's funny, because now—in the eyes of others—I have made it. But I'm still not satisfied. I used to go to a drama class and afterwards, when all the other students had left, I would take my guitar and sit in the middle of the stage and play and sing. I pretended that there was an audience. That was like a dream and—in a way—it's come true. But now I want to give even more—"

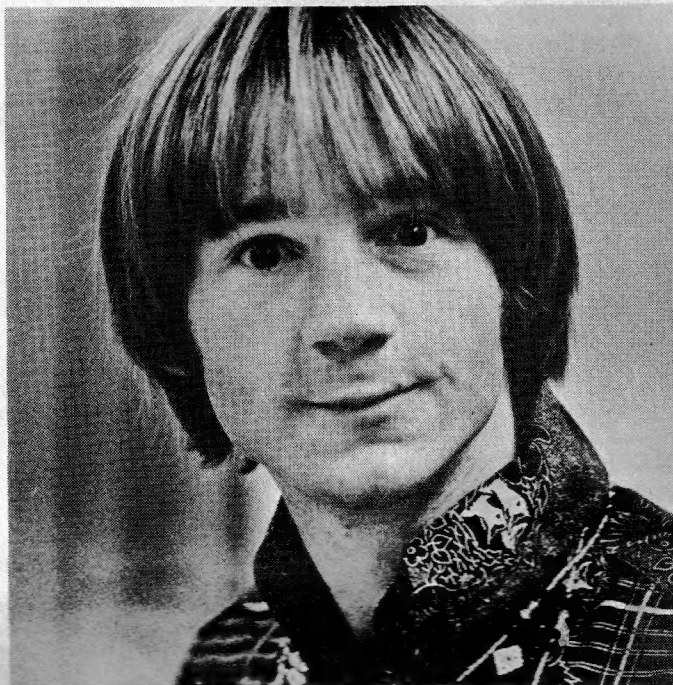
Mike's voice trails off just as Micky's had, and once again you sit silent, respecting his deepest, unspoken thoughts.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Davy pauses at a Malibu "village store."



Pixie Peter.





**SCENES FROM
THE MONKEES' NEW TV SEASON**



MIKE'S BIG BANG-UP!

Soon, you are back on the bike and flying up the slopes towards Mike's house on top of the highest hill in Bel Air. As you enter the driveway, you see Christian running toward the bike as fast as his legs will carry him, followed by the Nesmiths' dog "Spotte". You all go inside, where Phyllis is setting the table and is serving up bowls of hot chili. Between mouthfuls, Mike tells you about his big "bang-up" dream.

"I'm going to build some trails on the property around this house," he says excitedly, "and I'm going to buy a fleet of motorbikes, and we are going to have 'scrambles' up here. In case you don't know what a scramble is," he adds with a grin, "it's kind of 'homemade' bike racing."

FLIGHT TO PETER'S HOUSE

There's a phone call for Mike. It's Peter, and he wants Mike to come over. Mike hops up from the table and says, "You might as well come along"—and you happily trail behind him. Soon, the two of you pull up into the cement paved carport beside Peter's house. As you enter, Peter is finishing tuning his guitar.

"You are just in time for the concert," he says.

He explains that he has learned several new songs from a New York buddy who has been living at his house, and he proceeds to play and sing them for you and Mike. When the concert is over, Mike has to split—but Peter invites you to stay. You decide that this must be the day all of the Monkees need someone to talk to about their deepest feelings, for as Peter is making a bowl of cereal he turns to you.

THE DAY PETER CRIED

"The other day," he says, "I was thinking about a time when I was 14 years old. There was something I wanted really bad—now, I can't even remember what it was. Anyway, my mom and I had an argument, and when you are

14 you *know* who wins. Your mom wins, that's who. I really got upset. At first about what I considered an injustice, and then about the fact that I got into an argument with my mother."

Peter lowered his voice and continued, "Well, that actually made me cry. I went off to my room and closed the door and I cried. Then a funny thing happened. My dad knocked on the door and walked in without waiting for me to answer. I was so embarrassed I could have died, but he did the most wonderful thing. He sat down beside me and, without asking me what the trouble was, he explained to me that I shouldn't be embarrassed because I was showing my emotions. He helped me to understand that people with *real* feelings cry *real* tears, and they are nothing to hide or to be ashamed of."

For a moment, Peter stood looking out the kitchen window with the bright California sun shining on his golden hair. He has a faraway look, but you know where he is and you understand.

The ring of the phone interrupts the silence of Peter's pad. "Why don't you answer that?" Peter suggests, smiling suddenly.

You feel a bit reluctant, but who can resist the thrill of actually answering a Monkee's telephone?! You pick up the receiver and shyly say, "Mr. Tork's residence."

The immediate response is, "Ullo! What have we here?"

You almost drop the phone—because that's Davy Jones talking to you! Naturally, you become totally tongue-tied. You hear Davy laughing at the other end of the line and finally, in desperation, you turn to Peter and say—"It's Davy. I mean, I *think* it's Davy."

Peter takes the phone, chiding you. "Don't get nervous, hon," he says. "He's just a human being—like you and me."

After a hurried conversation, Peter hangs up the phone and says, "Come on. We're going to Davy's house!"

You hop into Peter's SAAB sports car and tool off toward the Hollywood Hills. As you walk up Davy's garden path-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

During their summer appearance in Chicago, the Monkees briefly took over as disc jockeys at radio station WLS. Larry Lujack, WLS's full-time deejay, is at right.



MONKEES IN COLOR WOW-EE!

MICKY DAVY PETER & MIKE'S

LARGER-THAN-LIFE SIGNED COLOR POSTER!



If you are a **Monkee Maniac** (and *who* isn't) drop everything and latch onto this first-time-ever once-in-a-lifetime chance to get your four favorite guys all together on a super-big outasite Monkee color poster. **LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYWHERE BEFORE!**

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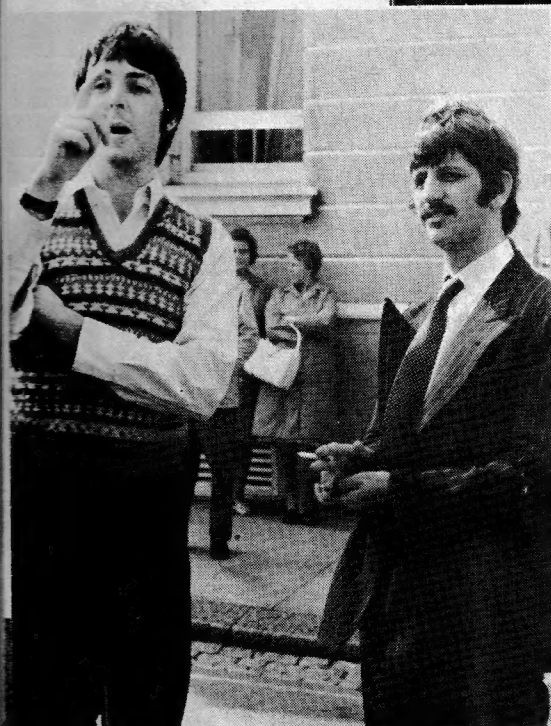
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BEATLES'

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR



WHAT WILL the Beatles think of next? The month of September found the freaky four-some bouncing around the West Country of England — on a wildly decorated bus! Their purpose? They are making a 60-minute color film which will probably be sold to television stations all over the world! They are working without a script (making it up as they drive along) — and whatever happens, **happens!** Sounds like fun, doesn't it? So, c'mon — let's climb aboard the bus and join John, Paul, George and Ringo on their **Magical Mystery Tour!**



Here are Paul and Ringo just "slinging some ideas around" while the bus stops for petrol. The Beatles changed from their usual "flower look" for this trip, and picked out the "squarest" clothes they could find. Dig Ringo's double-breasted pin-stripe suit, polka-dot tie and baggy trousers! Shades of Al Capone!



Trend-setter Paul McCartney poses for the cameras with two of his many fans from the Midlands. Paul, who usually buys his gear in Saville-row, is wearing a hand-knitted Fair Isles pullover sweater. Where did you get those trousers, Paul? Looks like the "new" thing in fashion—may be the "old" look in clothes! **Cuffs?**



No, it's not Big Chief White Feather! It's Big Chief John Lennon, mugging for the cameras at the Atlantic Hotel in Cornwall, where the Beatles stopped for a much-needed rest. John wore a striped suit, derby hat, a white carnation and a big smile! Hey—maybe he's **really** the local Medicine Man!



George Harrison takes a break in a cornfield in Devon during the next day's filming. George, always an individualist, wore a double-breasted bright-blue suit, a hat right out of the 1940's, and a pair of shades. One of the four new Beatle songs in the movie will be George's **Blue Jay Way**, which he wrote in Los Angeles.





George and John changed to more "conventional" gear when they walked and talked with many of their fans during the trip. The Beatles have been thinking about the Magical Mystery Tour for the last five months, and recorded the title number as far back as April. Wonder who George and John are staring at?



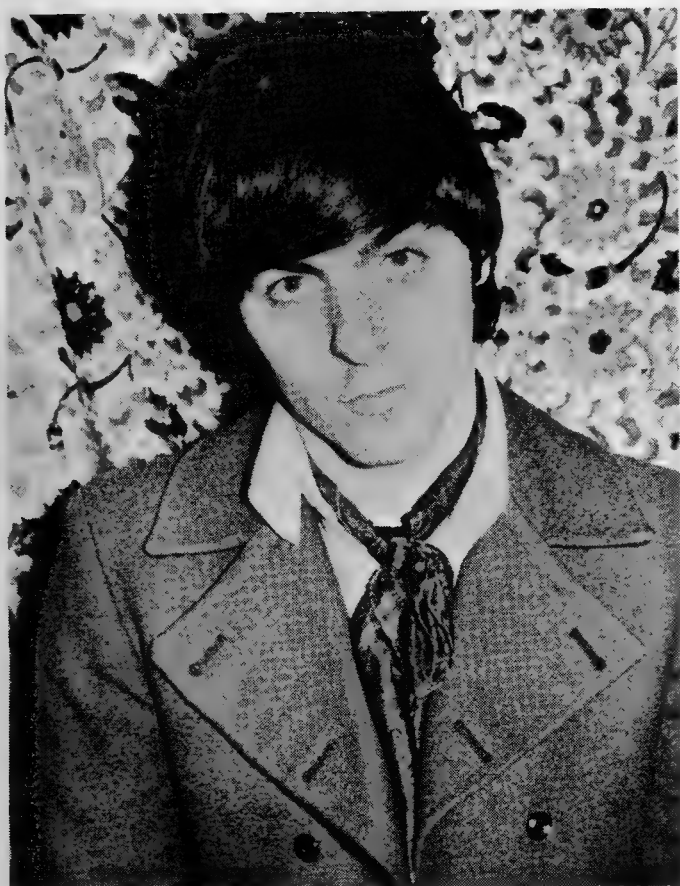
Why, it's "Rugby-Star" Ringo, showing off his fancy footwork to his fans at Widcombe Fair. Better settle down to business, Ringo—time is running out! (The Beatles wanted to have the entire film completed no later than the first week of October, cos they planned to leave for India prior to John's 27th birthday on October 9.)

Looks like they'll meet their deadline! The tour is over! Here's a "family" portrait of the Beatles, the bus (the signs, stars, and decorations came off in a heavy rainfall), and several of the passengers. See Spencer Davis next to John in the top row? Can you find the Beatles' roadmen, Mal and "Nel"? Good bye, and thanks for the wild ride! It really was a ball!



THE RASCALS REVEALED— 80 SNOOPY QUESTIONS!

Dino, Gene, Felix and Eddie share with you their private thoughts and secret dreams!



DINO: lots of little butterflies.

DINO DANELLI

What is your full real name?

My full real name is Dino Danelli. Actually, I have a middle name and I told it to 16, but I made them promise not to reveal it.

When and where you born?

I was born in Jersey City, N.J., on July 23, 1945—which makes me 22 years old.

Personal data:

I am five feet and nine inches tall and weigh 145 pounds. I have dark brown hair and light blue eyes.

Family info:

My dad's name is Steven. My mom is Teresa (and she is my very favorite person in the whole world); I have an older sister named Diane, who is married.

Where do they live now?

My parents and sister all live in New Jersey. I visit them weekends, when I am free.

Where do you live now?

I live in a small, modern apartment in Manhattan's East 50's. I paint and sculpt there. Out back, there is a beautiful little garden with lots of little butterflies.

Do you have a car?

No. I don't even know how to drive. However, I have my learner's permit, so watch out!

Do you have any pets?

No, I don't—but I would like to have an owl. That's right—a beautiful snow owl with large black eyes. I'd name him "Who". I would also like to have a monkey and a seal.

What was your very first ambition?

To be a jazz drummer. I got my first set of drums when I was 13, and Gene Krupa is my jazz idol.

What kind of music do you like most?

I love all good music. Right now, I listen to a lot of koto music as played by Kimio Eto, and Ravi Shankar's ragas (both of these great artists are on World-Pacific). I like Wagnerian operas, jazz and good rock 'n roll.

What do you do when you relax?

I like to read books on art or play the cintoarp.

What are your hobbies?

Working on real paintings, sculpting and creating graphic designs.

What sports do you like?

None, unless you could call the way that I flop around in the water a sport. I just like relaxing.

Can you cook?

Only in emergencies—and then it would be something like a hamburger or scrambled eggs.

Have you ever been seriously ill?

No, I have not—and I hope I never will be.

Would you like to get married?

Of course—but not any time soon.

What kind of girl would you like to marry?

Sincerity is most important to me. Next comes intelligence. I don't mean that you should be an intellectual; just be bright. Third comes warmth—that special feminine glow. Looks matter, but they come last on my list.

How many children would you like to have?

Four or five—the more the merrier. I love large families.

What type of girls do you usually dislike?

I dislike girls who put on an act. Also rude girls who are insensitive to other people's feelings.

Of all the places in the world you visited, which would you most like to come back to and why?

To Hawaii and San Francisco. These places are beautiful, the atmospheres are warm and friendly and the people there are just the end. Actually, I have loved every single place I have ever visited. I truthfully would love to revisit them all again.



GENE: looking for a girl lifeguard.

GENE CORNISH

What is your full name?

Jean Paul Cornish. Jean is the correct way to spell Gene in French, and I was born French-Canadian.

When and where were you born?

I was born in Ottawa, Canada, on May 14, 1944.

Personal data:

I am five feet and eleven inches tall and am slightly overweight at 175 pounds—but losing it fast (I hope). I have

brown hair and blue eyes.

Family info:

I am an only child and my dad's name is Ralph and my mom's name is Aida.

Where do they live now?

I just bought my folks a huge house in Westbury, L. I. It's a modern eight-room split-level home with enormous grounds and an olympic-size swimming pool. I'm looking for a lovely girl lifeguard. Are you interested?

Where do you live?

I spend weekends with my parents. Otherwise, I live in a large apartment in the East 60's in Manhattan.

Do you have a car?

I have a Tornado. It's gold with a black top and it has a fantastic AM/FM stereo in it. Want to go for a ride?

Do you have any pets?

Mom and Dad have two hunting dogs named "Bo" and "Timmy". They're trained to hunt girls!

What was your very first ambition?

To be a baseball player, but I struck out so I became lead guitarist for the Rascals (honest).

What kind of music do you like most?

I love popular classics like Mantovani plays. I also dig the Beatles, the Beach Boys and Simon and Garfunkel.

What do you do in your spare time?

Take pictures, which is my new hobby. I shoot everything in sight, so duck if you see me comin'.

What sports do you like?

Fresh-water fishing and any water sports (I float like Ivory Soap).

Can you cook?

Yep. I can cook almost anything (steaks, spaghetti, anything). That is how I got overweight. So I'm stopping cooking.

Have you ever been seriously ill?

Not really, but I do have occasional bouts with hay fever—so I avoid haystacks.

Would you like to get married?

A long time from now. But I do definitely want to wed one day.

Briefly describe your dream girl.

I like quiet, serious girls who are very honest and who are pretty.

How many children would you like to have?

Two or three. Maybe two boys and one girl. If it turns out to be four—I will form a rock and roll group, of course.

What attracts you most to a girl?

I have a liking for girls with dark hair. I also like short hair and I have a weakness for big brown eyes. But on the other hand, I have a weakness for blondes and brunettes. Guess I just love them all!

What is most important when you meet a girl — looks or personality?

Personality. Like I said before, I really do prefer quiet girls. There is something about a quiet girl that makes me very curious. I think a lot of guys are the same way.

Who are your best friends?

Mel Drucker, a buddy who is a college student, and Dino (whom you just read about), and Felix and Eddie (find out the scoop on them by turning to Page 16).

TURN TO PAGES 16 AND 17

FOR FELIX AND EDDIE



DO YOU HAVE some personal questions that are crying for an answer? Do you need heartfelt advice from someone who knows and cares? Do you feel that there is no one that you can turn to or trust? If you answer yes to all of these questions, please don't despair — because Sonny and I are really here and we really are going to help you. Each month we carefully read your mail and pick out a cross-section of the most important questions that you ask. If your answer is not here in this issue, keep looking—because sooner or later we will get around to you and your problem.

DEAR CHER...

TRUE-BLUE

Dear Cher,

I'm in the tenth grade and I have been going steady with the same boy for over ten months. My problem is that my girl friends are jealous of me. They say that ten months is too long to go with the same boy and that I am too popular in school. Do you think I should break up with my steady and "play the field" like they do?

Karen

Wickliffe, Ohio

• Dear Karen,

"Playing the field" is not all it's cracked up to be. For some people, there is just one person who has the quality of all persons. These people are very rare. When I first met Sonny I knew that my "playing the field" days were over. He was the "one" I'd been looking for. I have never regretted that decision. Maybe you too are one of the "lucky" people who have found a rare relationship. If you are, forget about those nagging girl friends. They are jealous — because you just may have found the thing they are looking for!

HAIR-RAISING QUESTION

Dear Cher,

How long did it take you to grow your hair? I'm growing mine long and can't wait until it gets as long as yours. It's really beautiful. I hope you never cut it!

Madeline

Costa Mesa, Calif.

• Dear Madeline,

Thanks for the compliment. I had my hair cut very short when I was 16, and it's been growing every since. I keep it about 24 inches long, and cut off an inch or so every three months. If you watch the ends, when yours start to split, cut a little off and your hair will grow in faster and healthier. Good luck!

NASTY-NEPHEW

Dear Cher,

I am 14 years old and I have a five-year-old nephew. He is pretty nice most of the time, but when my boy friend comes over he turns into a real monster! He embarrasses me, hits me and won't leave me alone for a minute. What can I do?

Aunt-in-Distress

Layfayette, La.

• Dear Aunt-in-Distress,

Sounds to me as though your pint-size nephew has a king-size crush — on you! He is being a pest because he is jealous of the attention you give to your boy friend. This is natural for a boy his age. (You should hear Sonny talk about the crush he had on his third-grade teacher!) Try to ignore those painful punches if you can, and I bet your nephew gets tired of his "games". He's only playing them to bother you. Don't let him!

DEAR SONNY...

CLEAN-CUT

Dear Sonny,

I'm a guy who gets called "square" by all my long-haired buddies because I wear my hair short! I had long hair before, and I really didn't like the way I looked. I know long hair is "in" now, but I just don't like the way it looks on me! Should I give in?

Bugged

Scranton, Pa.

• Dear Bugged,

If you feel better with your hair cut short, wear it that way. Exercise your right as an individual to dress the way you feel best. Fashion is a very temporary thing. What is "in" today is "out" tomorrow. There are lots of people who follow the "latest fads" because they have no real direction of their own. Listen to yourself — you just might be a trend-setter!

SHUT-IN

Dear Sonny,

I'm 15 and I got in trouble at school. I "cut" a few classes, and my parents found out. My problem is that they won't let me do anything any more. I have to report home after school and stay in on weekends. How can I make my folks see that I have learned my lesson?

Locked-Up

Yuma, Ariz.

• Dear Locked-Up,

Have you tried telling them? It's a funny thing, but almost everyone can recognize the truth. If you really have "learned your lesson," your parents should see that there is no reason for your punishment to continue. If they don't, try to see that your present situation is only temporary and use it to your advantage. Read, start a new project, find something you are interested in — but don't waste your time feeling sorry for yourself!

That's it for now. If you have a personal problem of any nature, just write to us at the address below and we will try to help you. Our address is:

**DEAR CHER (or)
DEAR SONNY
16 Magazine
745 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022**

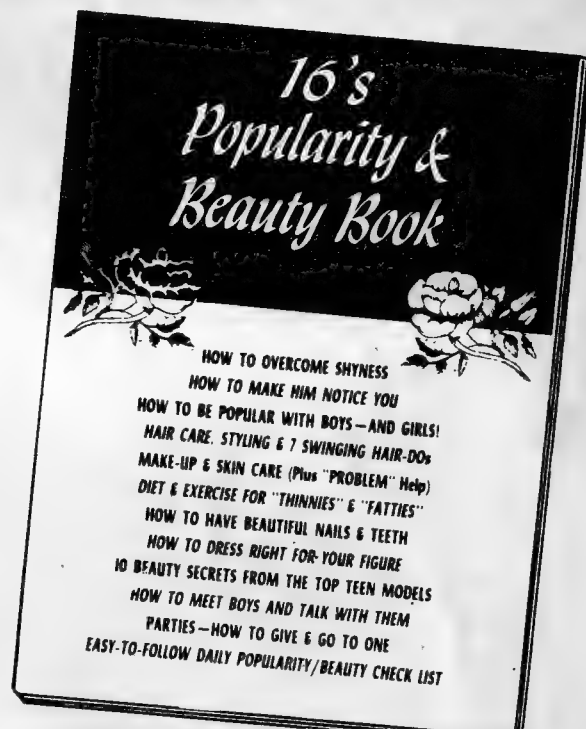
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**You don't have to be!
YOU CAN shed your
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and be both lovely AND loved!**

**YOU CAN OVERCOME YOUR SHYNESS AND
BECOME POPULAR WITH BOTH BOYS & GIRLS!**



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JANUARY 1968

"16'S POPULARITY & BEAUTY BOOK"

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LEARN HOW to overcome shyness. How to get him to notice you. Here's a foolproof easy-to-follow step-by-step program that can help make a new you—in just weeks! It gives you tried-and-true hints on hair, make-up, grooming, clothes, dieting, exercises. How to make, and keep friends of both sexes. How to act, look and be like you've always wanted! Just clip and mail this coupon today!

THE RASCALS REVEALED

80 SNOOPY QUESTIONS

continued from page 13



FELIX & FRIEND: a moment of silence.

FELIX CAVALIERE

What is your full real name?

My full real name is Felix Anthony Cavaliere, III.

When and were you born?

I was born in Pelham, New York, on November 29, 1942. That makes me a Sagittarius and my horoscope says that means I am "open-minded and open-hearted."

Personal data:

I am five feet and eight inches tall in my bare feet and weigh 140 pounds. I have dark brown eyes and jet black hair.

Family info:

My father is a dentist and he has an office in the Bronx, New York. I have an older sister named Frances, who is married. She made me an uncle two years ago and I am very attached to my niece.

Where do they live now?

My dad has a Colonial-type home in Pelham, N.Y.—and I live there on weekends and whenever I can get there.

Where do you live now?

When I am working and have to be downtown, I share an apartment with Eddie.

Do you have a car or cars?

I have a green '66 Chevy and a '65 Austin Healy 3000.

Do you have any pets?

No.

If you have no pets, what would you like to have?

I love animals and would like to have hunting dogs and a stable full of Arabian horses. I'm not an excellent rider, but I am learning.

What was your very first ambition?

To be a dentist—just like my dad!

What kind of music do you like most?

I like all kinds of music. If I had to pick one category as my favorite, I'd definitely say *classical*. Recently, I have come to love Indian music—especially that of Ravi Shankar. I'd like to learn to play the sitar well.

What do you do in your spare time?

When my mind feels active, it busily begins composing new tunes.

What are your hobbies?

I've been a photography bug for about a year now. I shoot with a Nikon 35, and I am learning to work in the darkroom of a friend of mine in Pelham, Joe Saragousa.

What sports do you like?

I like to play football and I've recently started to learn karate.

Can you cook?

I can't even boil water.

Have you ever been seriously ill?

No.

Would you like to get married?

Of course.

What kind of girl would you like to marry?

Most important to me is that she be a "good woman"—by that, I mean she should be intelligent (not brainy), sincere and honest.

How many children would you like to have?

Gangs, because I love children.

What type of girls do you usually find most attractive?

Although this is not a firm rule with me, I find myself attracted to brunettes. I have a particular weakness for Oriental girls, because they are so quiet and ladylike.



EDDIE: a fort in the court.

EDDIE BRIGATI

What is your full real name?

My full real name is Edward Franklin Joseph Brigati.

When and where were you born?

I was born in a small town called Garfield, N.J., on October 22, 1945, which makes me 22 years old.

Personal data:

I'm five feet and four inches tall in my stocking feet and weigh 124 pounds soaking wet. I have caressible brown hair and psychedelic brown eyes.

Family info:

My father's name is Edward and my mother's name is Constance. I have an older brother and an older sister, David and Anna.

Where do they live now?

My parents live in Lincoln Park, which is right near Garfield. They have a modern ranch-type home on several acres—beautifully landscaped by my dad, who is an amateur gardener.

Where do you live now?

When I am not able to stay at home in Lincoln Park, I share a beautiful duplex apartment in the East 70's with Felix. We have a courtyard out back and we built a fort there. It holds about eight people (if they snuggle up real close) and we call it "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club". A 12-year-old kid who lives upstairs (his name is "Trip") helped me to build the fort.

Do you have a car?

No, but I love to drive the Rascals' limo. It is a '67 Chrysler Imperial. The Chrysler company put a fantastic stereo tape cartridge in it and when you turn it on—well, it turns you on!

Do you have any pets?

I have a red long-haired psychedelic terrier named "Cuff". He was given to me by a fan in California.

If you had no pets, what would you like to have?

An Italian watchdog which, as you all know, is a billy-goat!

What was your very first ambition?

Enlightening ignorant people. By that, I mean teaching people the good things I have learned in life. This is a gift. You receive good things from others, and it is your duty to pass them on.

What kind of music do you like most?

Who are your favorite recording stars?

I like anything that is done well. My particular favorites are the Beatles, Beach Boys, Bee Gees, Johnny Mathis, Donovan, Dionne Warwick and Toscanini.

What do you do in your spare time?

I meditate, brush my teeth and go shopping.

What are your hobbies?

Being constantly aware of the gifts of life.

What sports do you like?

I love swimming and track, especially running. I love to run!

Can you cook? What foods?

I'm an expert at spaghetti, and can even tackle a turkey.

Would you like to get married?

Right now I'm very unsure, but maybe one day I'll take the plunge.

What kind of girl would you like to marry?

I don't know yet—I'm still "rehearsing."

What type of girls do you usually find most attractive?

I like girls who are open-minded, who are scrupulously honest, and who have a curious mind and want to learn about everything that goes on in this world.

What three tips would you give a girl who wanted you to like her?

Be clean, don't tell lies, and be responsible and dependable.

What is the best address to write to you and the other Rascals?

Write to us at Box 380, Planetarium Station, New York, N.Y. 10023. We personally get all of our mail there and every single letter gets answered.



The ONLY place in the whole wide world where you can write a letter to your favorite Monkee — or to all four Monkees — and be sure that you will get a PERSONAL reply!

DAVY'S CRAZE

Dear Davy,

It seems to me that you're the trend-setter for the Monkees. We all like to keep up on your latest craze. What is it now?
Nancy Knickerbocker

Duluth, Minn.

• Dear Nancy,
I've gone ape over tape recorders. I have a little one that I take around with me and its tapes have some of the funniest things you've ever heard on them. Recently, at a Monkee photo session, I taped Mike's favorite saying (to be spoken with a broad Texas accent): "Well, the cows and chickens are lookin' real good today and maybe we might have some rain if the cows don't come in." Next comes Peter's favorite expression: "All of the people are right some of the time and some of the people are right all of the time." Here's Micky's: "Haber sakero rober rebben, nath flatch, ober ging fang." (And we all know what that means!) I'll close with my tape report (to be spoken in a stiff English accent): "This is Rodney Goodtharken of the BBC, bringing you the most prominent and imminent television about four mop-topped, flopped-top, zany boys from America named the — uh, oh, ah, just a minute please — the Donkeys — er, the Monkees."

DAVY

MONKEE FAX

Dear Mike,

Would you please tell me Phyllis' maiden name, when you were married, and when Christian was born?

Jacksonville, Fla.

Olivia Newkirk

• Dear Olivia,

Phyllis' maiden name was Barbour. She was my college sweetheart and we were married on March 16, 1963, in San Antonio, Texas. Our son Christian was born on January 31, 1964. For complete facts on the Monkees (like these and all the others you so often ask) plus inside and up-to-date, true stories about us, I suggest that you read our booklet Here We Are! See Page 39.

MIKE

THE TRUTH!

Dear Peter,

I read in another magazine that you have a press agent who smokes a vile cigar; that you live in Beverly Hills in a house like a Mexican fortress with a big swimming pool. I also read that you had a girl writer from a bleep magazine come out and spend a day with you. It was in her story that I read the above. This is in direct contradiction to many of the things I have read in 16. Please tell me the truth.

Nora Smith

Brooklyn, N.Y.

• Dear Nora,

Our publicist doesn't smoke cigars. I do not live in Beverly Hills; I live in Hollywood. I do not live in a big stucco house, nor do I have a swimming pool. As a matter of fact, I did not ever see the writer of the above-mentioned article. But thank you for caring to write, and stay tuned to Monkee-Mailbox for the true answers regarding all the crazy rumors and made-up stories that you hear and read about the Monkees.

PETER

PETER LUVS MIKE

Dear Micky,

I know you are tired of us asking, but it seems the columnists keep writing that you guys are breaking up. The latest bit of yuk I read said that the greatest antagonism exists between Peter and Mike. Is this true?

Mary Drexler

Ypsilanti, Mich.

• Dear Mary,

T'ain't so. Last time I saw Peter and Mike, they were holding hands and walking off into the sunset together. No, no, that was just a joke! The fact of the matter is that all of us Monkees get along well, just like real monkeys. We have petty little squabbles once in a while, but our "mad" never lasts longer than a few seconds. On the whole, we all enjoy a really groovy, deep friendship with each other.

MICKY

MONKEE THANK-YOU'S

FROM ALL FOUR GUYS TO ROBERTA GARLAND OF PENACOA, N.H.: Thanks for the knitted mouse you sent us.

FROM DAVY TO BETSY SYMON OF BENSON, VT.: I really love the horse statue you sent to me.

FROM PETER TO KENEPP, JACOBS AND FRANKS OF AKRON, OHIO: Wow! I really dig the gigantic rabbit poster you sent me!

FROM DAVY TO PATSY FLOYD OF PHOENIX, ARIZ.: A million thanks for the groovy chain, and give my best to Mitch and Tree.

FROM PETER TO KAREN KEENER OF DAYTON, OHIO: Merci for the marvelous Monkees script you sent me. Though we cannot use it on the show, it's a groove to have it.

FROM DAVY TO MARTHA STEEVES OF NEW YORK CITY: Thank you for the "puzzle ring" you sent me. It's really fascinating. (Would you please send me instructions in your next letter?)

That's all there's room for this month. If you want to write to us, either as a group or as individuals, send your letters to The Monkee-Mailbox, 16 Magazine, P. O. Box 1056, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11202 — and your letters will be promptly forwarded to us personally wherever we are. Then be sure to get each and every future issue of 16 Magazine and look in The Monkee-Mailbox for your letter and our answers!



luv -
D

"COME TO THE MONKEES' FIRST BIG PARTY!"

BY JEFF NEAL

You are Jeff's date as he escorts
you to the Main Ballroom
of The Barbizon Plaza Hotel
in New York City where you meet—



THE MONKEES!—long before they become famous!

IN SEPTEMBER of 1966—just over a year ago—none of us could guess how big the Monkees were going to be. I (because I was fortunate enough to be a long-time good friend of David Jones) got the following invitation in the morning mail:

Michael Dolenz, Michael Nesmith, Peter Tork and David Thomas Jones invite you to a party in the Main Ballroom of The Barbizon Plaza Hotel in New York City at 6:30 P.M. on September 12, 1966.

"MYSTERY" PARTY

Since Davy was a special friend of mine, I was very thrilled. I got dressed in my "finest"—a dark suit, white shirt and tie—and at 6:30 P.M. on the nose I arrived at the appointed place. Use your imagination now, pretend that you are my date, and come along with me to the Monkees' "mystery" party! . . .

A straight-faced young man wearing a green wool hat greets us at the door. I know who he is because Davy has told me all about the Monkees.

"I'm Michael Nesmith," he says, and we shake hands.

Mike escorts us inside and the first person to greet us is dynamic David Jones. After I introduce you, Davy takes your arm and escorts us around. The first two people we meet are David's Hollywood buddy, David Pearl and Monkees' producer Bert Schneider. After exchanging greetings, we turn and find ourselves staring into the faces of Micky Dolenz and Peter Tork. I had spoken to Micky on the phone a couple of times, because he and Davy were sharing a house in Hollywood.

"So you're the guy who wakes me up in the morning!" Micky exclaims, and pretends he is about to strangle me.

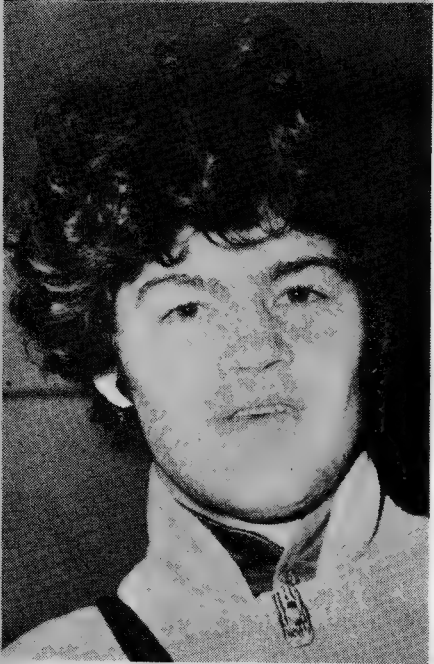
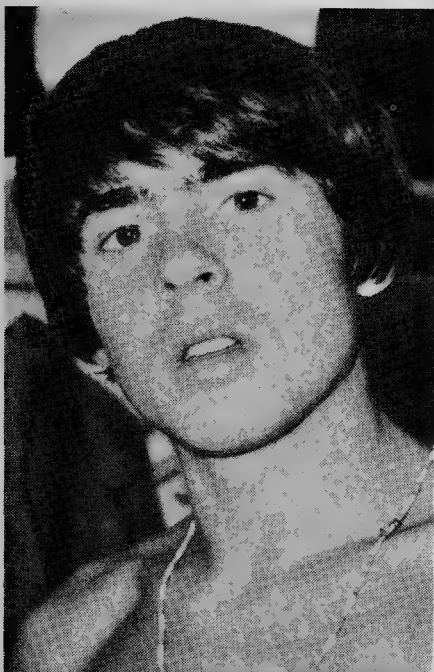
"Hold on there, son," Peter says, feigning shock. "Don't harm a hair on this young man's head!"

In no time we find ourselves chitchatting with these two super-nice Monkees, and we both are delighted that they are so unbelievably kind. Suddenly, the lights start flashing on and off in the ballroom and everyone is asked to sit down. We find ourselves seated together, surrounded by Monkees and staring up at a large screen. The lights go out and the very first Monkees segment begins to unreel—in living color—before our very eyes! Everyone who saw that show was



CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

A straight-faced young man . . .



THE MONKEES THEMSELVES

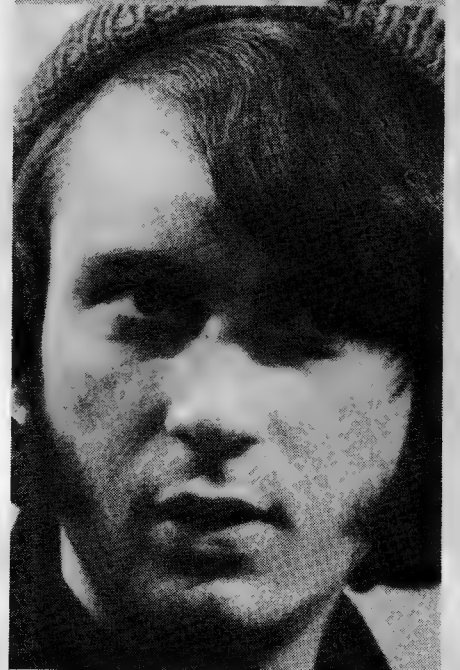
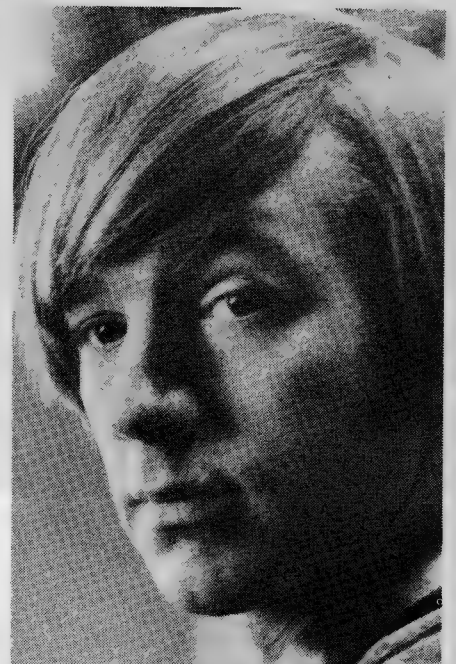
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JUST FOR **YOU**—THEIR
VERY FAVORITE PIX—
AND LOOK WHAT YOU GET!

**100 INSTANT-MAGIC
PHOTOS OF THE MONKEES
(25 SUPER-COOL PIX OF EACH
MONKEE-BOY!)**

**TWO HUGE, HUGGABLE
SIGNED PIN-UPS OF DAVY,
MICKY, PETER & MIKE!**

**20 REVEALING CANDIDS
WHICH SHOW WHAT THE
MONKEES ARE REALLY LIKE
IN THEIR PRIVATE LIVES!**

**THREE ADORABLE
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MONKEE—CAPTIONED BY
THE MONKEES THEMSELVES!**



YOU GET 'EM ALL IN 16'S SUPER- SMASH PICTURE BOOK—MONKEES: "OUR FAVORITE PIX"

Monkees: "Our Favorite Pix" is a picture book you will cherish forever—because it contains just the *ultra-special* pictures, taken from all of the zillions of pix of the Monkees, chosen by the Monkees *themselves*!

It's a not-to-be-missed opportunity to have and to hold Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike as you like them best—so don't let it go by! Just print your name and address on the coupon, and then cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon—together with a *one-dollar bill*. You will receive your copy of *Monkees: "Our Favorite Pix"* in a flash! Don't delay! *Act today!*

MONKEES: "OUR FAVORITE PIX"

JANUARY 1968

Please send me 16's new book, MONKEES: "OUR FAVORITE PIX." I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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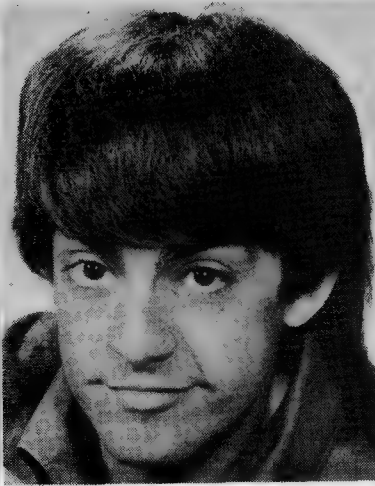
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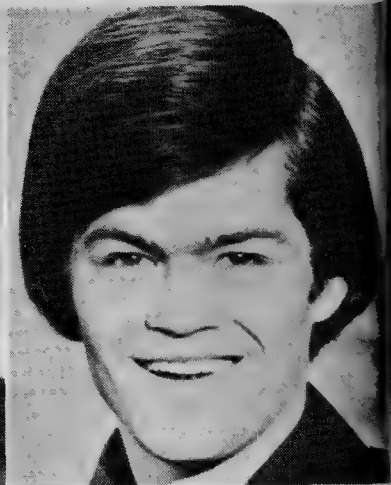
**WOULD
YOU
LIKE
TO
WIN...**



**A HANDWRITTEN NOTE
FROM PETER TORK?**



**A HAIR-RIBBON FROM
MARK LINDSAY**

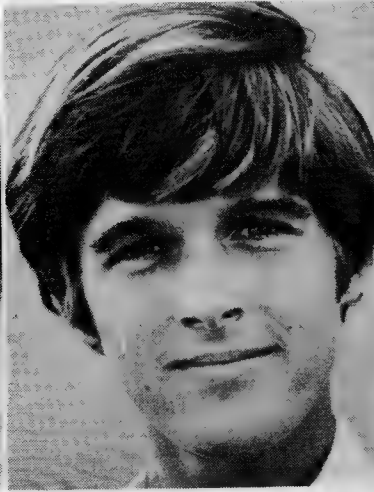


**A PAIR OF DRUMSTICKS
FROM MICKY DOLENZ?**

**A BRAND-NEW LP FROM
PETER NOONE?**



**A ST. CHRISTOPHER MEDAL
FROM DINO MARTIN, JR.?**



**A PORTABLE RADIO FROM
DAVE CLARK?**



**IF YOU WANT TO LEARN
HOW TO GET TO DREAMSVILLE —
READ BELOW!**

**ALL OF THESE — AND MORE —
ARE WAITING FOR SOME LUCKY 16-ERS. LOOK TO
THE RIGHT AND SEE IF YOUR DREAM CAME TRUE!**

WHAT is Dreamsville? Chickadee, **Dreamsville** is that place way up yonder where dreams come true like they were never fulfilled before—and the pure ecstasy might just flip you out and onto a cloud so high you may never make it back to mother earth again!

If you're ready to make the trip, hang on—and heed this! Write a letter—a simple, easy, *one-page letter*—to 16 Magazine telling exactly what special delight you are longing to get from your very favorite teen star. If we possibly can (and be assured: 16 stops at *nothing!*), we'll see that you get exactly what you dreamed about!

Hard to believe? Well, then, just take a look at the facing page. Each girl whose name and home town is printed there is a 16 reader who made a wish, dreamed a dream or yearned for something very special—and got it when 16 hauled her aboard our jet express to **Dreamsville**.

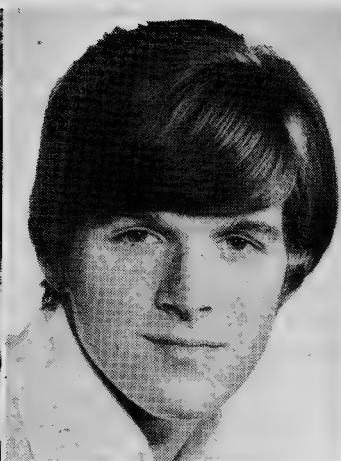
You can wing off to **Dreamsville** just as easily! Just write a short letter (on *one side* of the sheet *only!*) telling what you

would dearly love to have. Could be a personal phone call—or a personal letter—from your favorite star. Could be a personal keepsake from your dream guy. Could be a pin-up portrait personally autographed by your grooviest group. Could be a whole set of recordings from the top of the charts. Could be any number of delicious things. It's *your* request—so *you* name it. Jot it down on a sheet of paper and mail it to the address below. All it costs is just one 5¢ stamp—*nothing else!* Your **Dreamsville** gift is *absolutely free!*

**"DREAMSVILLE"
16 MAGAZINE
BOX 218**

BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11202

After you've mailed your letter, don't fail to get every issue of 16 Magazine and watch the **Dreamsville** answers page—because that's where you'll see the glorious news that everything you wished for, dreamed of, longed for has come true!



DID YOU WIN A TRIP TO DREAMS- VILLE? LOOK & SEE

MARY YELVINGTON of Spokane, Wash., has gone absolutely ape over **Monkee Peter Tork**. She glues herself to the family TV every Monday night and has wall-papered the walls of her room with his pictures. **Peter** went all out for **MARY** by sending her a huge, personally autographed picture of himself, a wooden surfer's medallion (with a handwritten note to prove it *really* came from him), and a copy of the Monkees' hit

Colgem LP, *Headquarters*. Pretty comfy up on Cloud 9, isn't it, **MARY**? You can always depend on *Dreamsville*!

Mark Lindsay pulled one of his favorite hair-ribbons off his famous ponytail and wrote a personal note to **SHIRLEY BREZNY** of Prague, Okla. **SHIRLEY** has been mad about **Mark** ever since she first saw him on *Where The Action Is*, and she has been dreaming of a personal souvenir all this time. Dream no more, **SHIRLEY**, cos **Mark** sent along a personally autographed picture too! *Dreamsville* comes through for you!

SHEILA VIERS of Vansant, Va., has been dreaming about drumsticks. Not just *any* drumsticks, mind you, but a pair of **Micky Dolenz's** very own. Magic **Micky** heard her call and sent her a pair (along with a personal handwritten note) and a surprise gift he picked out just for her. Take your drumsticks with you, **SHEILA**. The drums never cease to beat in *Dreamsville*!

BETTY CRISHER of Battle Creek, Mich., has a supercrush on **Peter Noone** of the **Hermits**. Perky **Peter** personally autographed a giant picture of himself, wrote a personal note, sent a **Herman's Hermits Towel** (to dry those tears of joy), and added a copy of the **Hermits'** smash new MGM LP, *Blaze*. *Dreamsville* never fails!

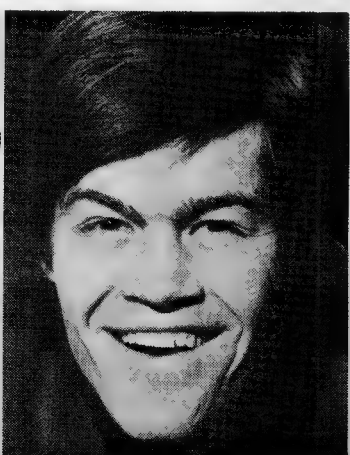
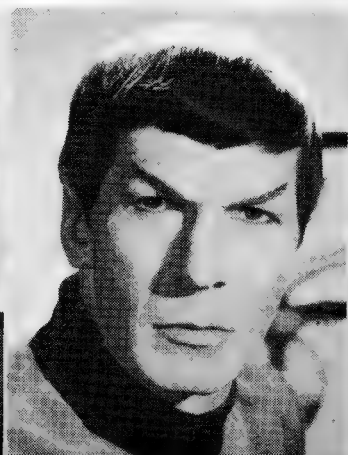
Dashing **Dino Martin, Jr.**, knocked **CHRISTINA PUCCIO** of Inglewood, Calif., for a lovely loop by sending her

a large, personally autographed picture of himself, a personal handwritten note and a sterling silver St. Christopher medal for luck. *Dreamsville* hopes that makes you smile-a-mile, **CHRISTINA**!

Hey! That looks like **PAULA MISAKI** of Honolulu, Hawaii, wearing one of those wild **Dave Clark 5** sweatshirts. It must be, cos **Dave** himself sent her one. He also sent a personally autographed picture of himself and a portable radio. Turn it as loud as you wish, **Paula** — nobody complains in *Dreamsville*!

The fabulous **Beatles** made **TONI SILKA** of Dearborn Heights, Mich., hop with happiness. They sent her a sterling silver **Beatle** bracelet, a huge, autographed full-color picture, and a copy of their smash Capitol LP, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. They added a full year's free subscription to swingin' *16* just to make doubly sure that **TONI's** *Dreamsville* drifting was delightful!

PATTI, BARBARA AND SUSAN GIBSON of Wassaic, N.Y., complained that their dad has been monopolizing the family record player and they never get a chance to hear their fave pop stars. **Gloria Stavers**, *16's* Editor-in-Chief, rushed to their rescue by sending them a portable record player, six groovy LPs, and three full year's subscriptions to *16* Magazine. Bet your dad ends up listening to *your* records now, **GIBSON GIRLS**, cos he'll hate to be alone. Who says dreams don't come true? They do in *Dreamsville*!



JIM MORRISON & "THE MYSTERY GIRL"

Sometimes strange things happen—they are so vivid and so real. But later you find yourself wondering...Did they really happen—or was it all a dream? Do you know?

THE JETLINER gently touched the ground and taxied into the arrival area, its red tail light and wing lights blinking hypnotically. The first-class passenger door opened and the travelers began to file into the area. A tall, lean young man with a long, shimmering mane of light brown hair slowly ambled through the archway. He was wearing a black leather outfit and he blinked briefly at the sudden bright lights in the airport waiting room. He turned and waved back at the two pretty stewardesses who stood by the plane's exit door.

"See you again soon," he called, and though his voice was very soft you could clearly hear each word he spoke.

As he walked toward the baggage area, people turned and stared. They looked first at his hair, and then at his clothes and, finally, at his high black boots. The young man seemed impervious to all this—not coldly indifferent, not embarrassed—just not concerned. It was as though he had endured these same stares a million times and they had ceased to have any meaning for him. So, while the middle-age, middle-class, slightly pompous passersby registered their shock at the sight of him, he glided swiftly in and out of their vision—beautiful, confusing and unforgettable.

He stepped outside, and away from the airport building, and a liveried chauffeur moved toward him. The chauffeur spoke briefly and the young man nodded. A car door swung open and he bent to enter the car, then paused and threw his head back and looked up at the sky. It was late afternoon and the sun was beginning to steal its warmth away. He smiled up at the sun and stepped into the car.

As it rolled along, the young man looked at the sights passing by. He tried to remember where he was, but for the life of him he couldn't.

I never thought this would happen to me. He heard the

words in his mind. But I suppose it had to—sooner or later. Too many towns too close together, too many nights in a row and I get so tired. What a shame, when each one is different and lovely—like a girl I ought to get to know better.

Snap! He shut his mind off.

Suddenly, he saw a high school, or maybe it was junior high. A crowd of kids were leaving late. *They must have been practicing or cheerleading or something. I remember that. It seems so long ago—but it wasn't.*

All at once he saw a girl standing at a window on the second floor of the building. She seemed to be looking straight into his face; she had an eraser in one hand and the other hand was poised in mid-air, as though she were about to wave. He leaned forward and lifted his hand and smiled. Then the scene was gone.

Next, he saw an enormous sign. From a field yellow large black letters leaped out:

THE DOORS TO NITE

Huh. My coat of arms. That's it. Yeah. I'll make a new family crest and sew it on my sleeve one day!

The desk at the motel was grey formica. The desk clerk glared at him. "Yes?" he asked superciliously.

"My name is Jim Morrison. I think I have a reservation."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Morrison." The tone changed to one of friendly reception. "The others are already here. Here is your key. Bellhop, show Mr. Morrison to his room."

The young man closed the door of the room behind him and looked around. One chair; one table; one lamp on the

table; one bureau; one bed; one TV set. *They do all look alike.*

He took off his jacket and put it on a chair, switched on the TV set, turned the blinds down, looked at himself in the mirror for a brief moment, and then stretched out on the bed. The news was on—all bad. Another channel—commercials—another—a cartoon. Finally, a test pattern. He grinned diabolically.

That's it. I'll look at the test pattern.

But sleep—restless and dream-filled—took him away.

He was awakened by a knock on the door.

"Yeah?"

"It's time. Everything O.K.?"

"Yeah, yeah. Everything's fine. I'll be right down."

Young girls were standing outside the motel entrance. He paused and signed some autographs, photographing each face with his mind's camera. Another crowd, slightly larger, was waiting outside the stagedoor, but the road manager hurried him inside explaining to the kids, "No time now. Come back later."

He turned and smiled apologetically just before they closed the door behind him. He hoped they understood.

At first, the dressing room was empty. One bright light bulb illuminated the dirty cracked walls, the dusty mirror, the broken chairs. Empty coat-hangers hung askew on a rack in a corner. The walls were covered with fond memories of another day. "Billy And The Bombers Were Here!" And there were some memories that belonged to today. He wondered where he would be a year from now.

The room began to fill. Musicians came in one by one, booking agents, promo men, photographers, reporters and the blank but anxious faces of hangers-on who somehow always seemed to get through and be there. After a polite length of time, he started for the door.

"Hey," the road manager called, "don't be long. You go on right after intermission."

He nodded yes and walked away. He found himself climbing the backstage stairs. There were several levels and the higher he got, the darker it became. When it was almost black, he saw a little light at the end of a hall. He walked toward it. Inside a little room, he found something that looked like a porthole. He lifted the glass and looked down. He could see the empty stage and security guards. He could see boys and girls milling around in the empty aisles. The first rows of the house were filled with girls who didn't leave their seats—who waited eagerly and sat clutching their handbags, poised and leaning slightly forward. Some of them looked around and he saw their faces. Their eyes were aglow and their lips were slightly parted—delicate and electric.

Suddenly, he was aware of the presence of someone behind him. He turned quickly and found himself looking straight into the eyes of a teenage girl!

TO BE CONTINUED

Who is she? Was it you? Find out in the February issue of 16! It goes on sale at your newsstand December 21!



UNITED

UNITED



THE RAIDERS, DD&B and HERMAN— THEIR WILD HAWAIIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS!

COME TO “calm, cool, blue Hawaii” the travel posters and brochures proclaim—but don’t you believe it! Cos calm, cool, blue Hawaii just ain’t the same since it was invaded and captured by a swingin’ ding-a-lingin’ shock force made up of Paul, Mark and the Raiders; Dino, Desi and Billy; and Herman and the Hermits—not to mention a small supporting army led by Lynne Randell and The Who! In fact, Hawaii is jumpin’ and jiggin’ all over—not only as a result of the groovy concerts all of this highly combustible talent gave, but also as a consequence of a party Dino tossed for the Raiders. During their stay, Dino, Desi and Billy were quartered at the Kahala Hilton Hotel and Dino rented a 70’ Catamaran (that’s a boat with a sail and twin parallel hulls, mighty popular down Hawaii way). It struck Dino as an ideal site for a sailing party, and he promptly piped the Raiders aboard. All came except (wouldn’t you know it?) Charlie Coe, the R&R “recluse.” (He claimed that he forgot to bring his “sea legs”—ha!) The pictures show how it all got underway and built to a beautiful climax “on stage.”



Things got hoppin’ on a calm, clear Hawaiian day when Dino spoke up from DD&B’s Kahala Hilton balcony and said: “Hey, Desi—let’s have a party!”

No sooner said than Raider Joe, Jr., pitched in and helped Dino load gear on the boat Dino rented for their merry safari.



But wait—some of the crew are missing! “Hey, Desi—c’mon aboard! Anchors aweigh—we’re shovin’ off!”



“Anchors smanchors—can’t you see I’m taking a bath!”





And so, back to the balcony—to watch the sun slowly sink over the blue Hawaiian seacoast. Who dat watchin'?



Dino and "Unc" Paul—dat who!



Cap'n Dino sounds off again: "All right, mateys—this time it's for real! Hoist sail!"



And a-w-a-y they go! (Note Mark's new favorite medallion, suspended from his neck; it's a large sterling silver St. Christopher medal given to him by a Chicago fan.)



Easy does it. Raider Freddy relaxes while the boat skims over the bounding main.

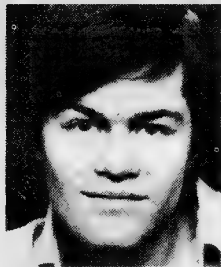
Mark sits clear of the blistering Hawaiian sun (as you can see, he was a bit broiled already!). The party lasted till the sun fell into the sea—and a happy time was had by all!



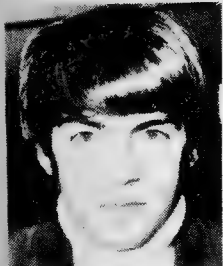


DAVY JONES BEGS:

"SAY 'I LOVE YOU' BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!"



MICKY DOLENZ REVEALS THE TRUE SECRET OF FALLING IN LOVE!



MARK LINDSAY TELLS WHAT TRUE LOVE IS AND HOW TO SHARE IT!



HERMAN SHOWS YOU HOW TO SAY "YES" TO LOVE!



DINO MARTIN, JR. SHARES HIS "PRIVATE THOUGHTS OF LOVE" WITH YOU!



PETER TORK CONFIDES HIS "LOVE SECRETS" TO YOU!

16's ALL STAR LOVE STORY BOOK



YOU GET ALL OF THIS STRAIGHT-FROM-THE-HEART ADVICE
FROM THE STARS — AND MUCH, MUCH MORE — IN
16'S FABULOUS ALL STAR LOVE STORY BOOK

JUST LOOK at the list of stars who speak to you of love in this ultra-fantabulous *All Star Love Story Book*: DAVY JONES, MARK LINDSAY, MICKY DOLENZ, HERMAN, PHIL (FANG) VOLK, PETER TORK, DINO MARTIN, JR., JIM (HARPO) VALLEY, PAUL McCARTNEY, SONNY & CHER!

And just look at what each and every star listed is saying to you in this grr-wow *All Star Love Story Book*! One and all tells you "Ten Ways To Make Me Love You"—and one and all confides to you the "Greatest Love Lesson" they have learned... lessons that will teach you the true meaning and secrets of love, so that you can apply these lessons to your own lives!

Yes, you get *all* of these love secrets of your top-fave stars PLUS an exclusive signed pin-up of each star! Each pin-up is full-page and super-beautiful for framing!

Need we say more? Yes, just this: you can get 16's ravey *All Star Love Story Book* simply by filling in the coupon, cutting it out and mailing it to the address on the coupon—with a one-dollar bill attached. That's all — a one-dollar bill! Do it today!

JANUARY 1968

16's ALL-STAR LOVE STORY BOOK

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"COME TO THE MONKEES' FIRST BIG PARTY!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

thrilled—so you can understand that the thrill was even *greater for us*, sitting there and seeing it with the boys for the very first time. After laughing our way through the pilot film—before we know it—it is over. There is a split second of silence, then the room is filled with thunderous applause. Everyone hurries around, telling everyone else how great, great, *great*, GREAT the Monkees are! Mike, David, Micky and Peter are grinning with delight, but saying nothing.

MONKEE FEEDING TIME!

Micky runs over and throws open the double doors at one side of the room—and stretched out before us is a tremendous banquet table loaded with everything from

appetizers to roast beef to jello! "Feeding time at the zoo" turns out to be almost as fantastic a success as the show has been. There are six different salads, eight different main dishes, four ice cream desserts, three different jellos and all the cake and pastries you can eat (if you have any room left in your tummy, that is!)

After we (along with Mike) find a table and sit down with our heavily-laden trays, Davy comes over and joins us. The first thing he asks us it, "Tell the *truth*. Did you like the show?"

There is a verbal stampede for a moment as we both compete trying to tell the guys how outasite we both know the Monkees series *shall* and *will* be. Finally, we convince the guys and they relax, and we all enjoy a quiet dinner punctuated by humor and a feeling of "togetherness" that you and I will never forget . . .

As I said before, it is over a year since that special and very wonderful night. But if you are anything like me, you not only dug every show last season *and* the re-runs all summer *and* this season's even greater Monkees show—but you also have become a loving and loyal Monkees fan forever!

Co-hosts—in the Beginning.





FRENCHY'S FREAKIES

16's ace artist, Miss Frenchy Blanch, inks another antidote for apathy to appease the appetites of her affectionate audience. Like an archer's arrow her artistic aim again hits the bulls-eye. 16 hopes this all-out assemblage of pop-artists—the Monkees, Mark and Freddy—makes you applaud!



FRENCHY





This shack is on the beach about three miles from town. I used to sneak away here at night and look at the stars and the moon gleaming down upon the ocean. I used to think how wonderful it would be if I could come and settle down right in this hut on this very beach.



"MY HAWAIIAN MEMORIES"

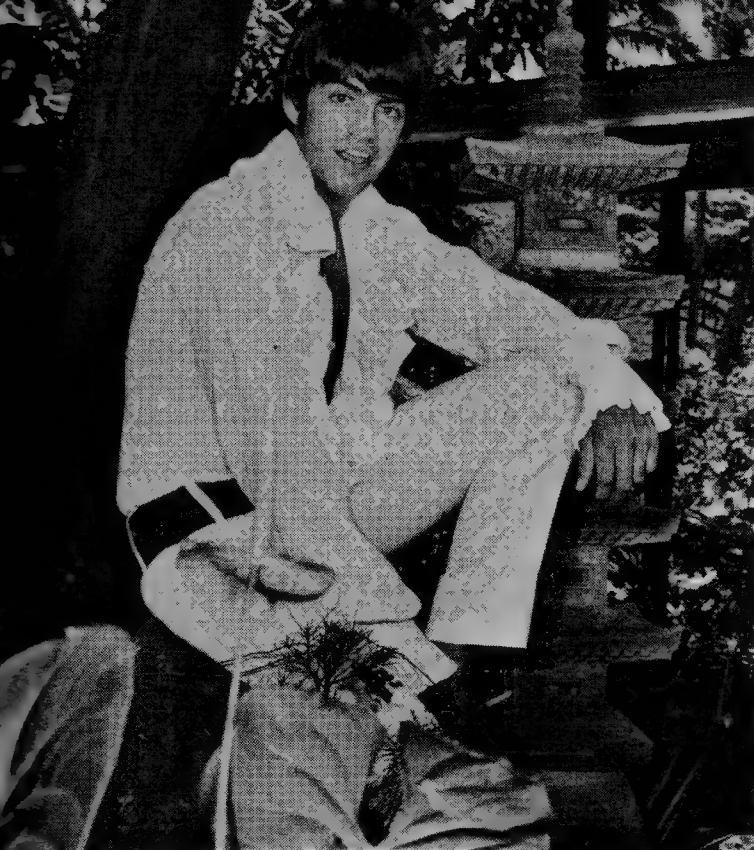
by MARK LINDSAY

A LITTLE OVER three years ago, when the Raiders and I were just getting started, we were booked to play in Hawaii. We left Portland, Oregon, in a snow storm and arrived on the beautiful island of Oahu in a warm, sun-drenched afternoon. I stepped off the plane into a dream world—and that beautiful dream lasted two glorious months. Since then the Raiders and I have been back to Hawaii five times, and though I have loved every visit, none holds memories as precious as does my very first stay there. I was poor, unknown and lonely—but I discovered a beautiful island with fantastic scenery and wonderful people.

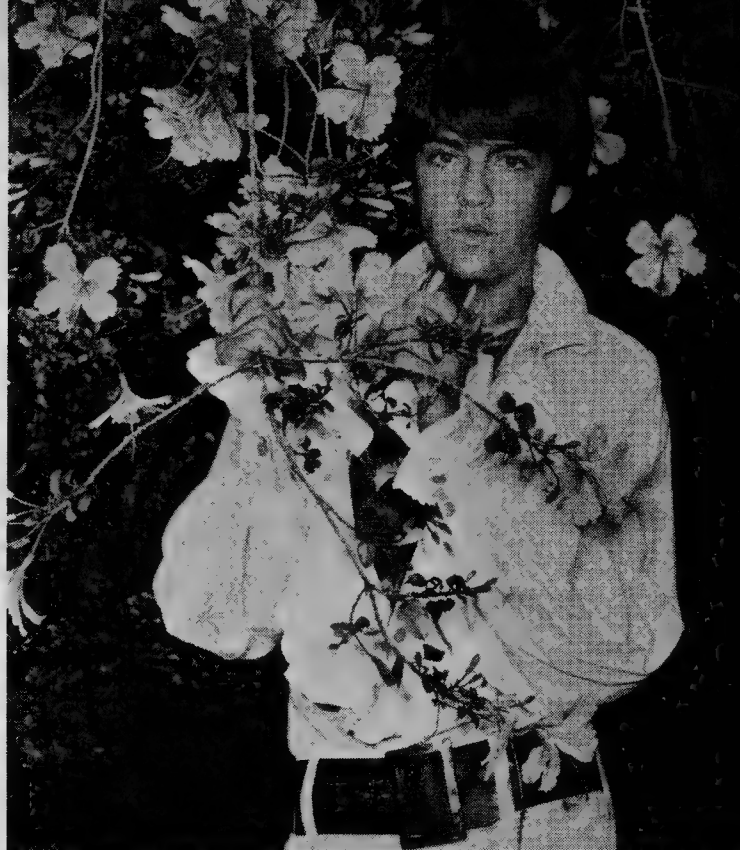
During our last trip to Hawaii, I sneaked away from the "fun-and-party gang" and wandered alone to the simple and majestic settings I remembered from my first stay on the island. So please come along with me and share my happy Hawaiian memories.

You've caught me daydreaming again. A little bit back from the beach, I one day discovered this lovely waterfall. It offered me another welcome place to retreat. I used to sit here on these rocks and try to write poems about nature and love—two very deep and searching subjects.





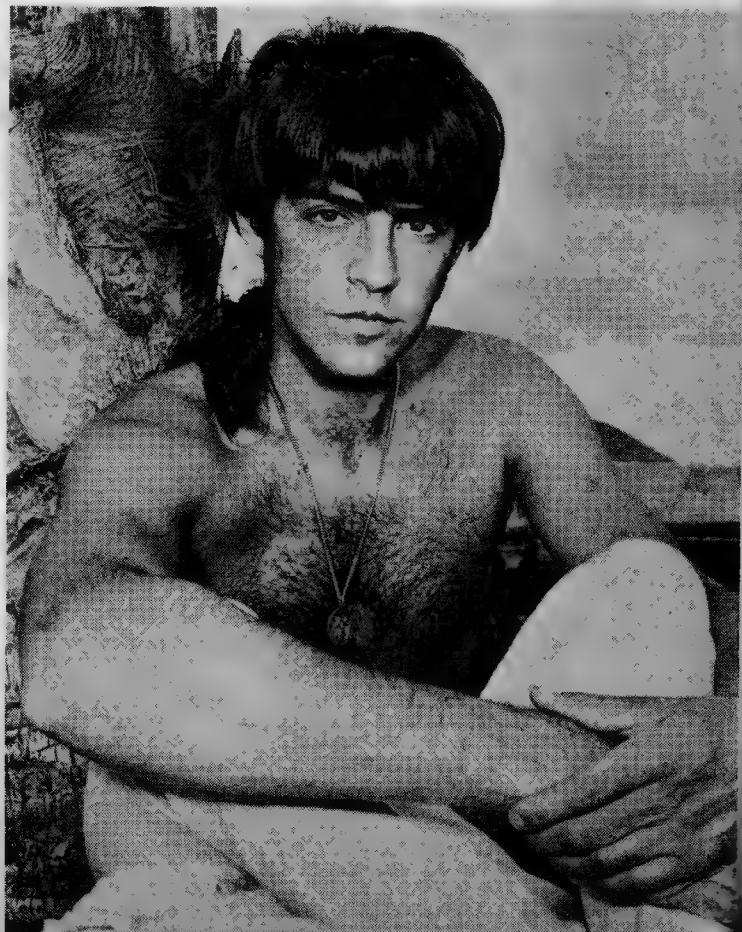
First, we'll stop by the Japanese shrine in a garden in Honolulu I used to go to often. It was quiet and beautiful. I used to call this my "lucky charm," and every time I was sad and lonely I would come here and make a wish. My wish never came true (I used to wish I'd discover my dream girl soon), but one day it will.



These beautiful Hawaiian flowers are called plumerias. They grow in great abundance all over the Hawaiian Islands. If you stop with me for a moment, I will make a bouquet of them for you.

The bay behind me is where I used to go skin-diving. Once out there—all alone—I followed a big, beautiful fish, and without realizing it I went outside the under-reef protected level. Suddenly, I saw an enormous gray thing glaring at me with funny little pig eyes. I learned later that the "thing" was a shark!

Well, I guess it's time to say goodbye to our "perfect" hide-away. Maybe we can come back together again one day. There are still many other sights to see and many thrills for us to share on this constantly changing, always fascinating and intriguing island.



16's

**TEEN
KING**





soo Dy loved! Thanks
and making me 16's
king of the month -
Love is truth
Peter York

GEEGEE'S

Zilch I, DAVY JONES' ultra-rave boutique in NYC's super-hip Greenwich Village, is a fantastic success. It's located at 217 Thompson Street and specializes in DAVY's favorite kind of shirts, slacks, belts and bangles. His latest fave is an achkan, which is a sort of Eastern Indian, $\frac{3}{4}$ -length, long-sleeve jacket trimmed with brilliant braid (you can see just a peep of one, which DAVY is wearing, in the pictures on these pages). Zilch I also features *Love-Beads*. These are strands of those tiny American Indian beads like DAVY wears all the time. You can buy them ready-made in your favorite colors, or you can buy a kit and make them yourself as a gift for yourself, or a girl friend, or (oh, goody!) a boy friend. If you're one of the unlucky who can't make it to Zilch I in person, send 25¢ in coins (for handling and mailing) to Zilch I, 217 Thompson Street, New York City (be sure to print your full name and address clearly in your letter) and DAVY will personally see to it that you get one of Zilch's triffik mail order catalogs . . . Sorry so many of you LINDSAY-lovers misconceived that zinger I threw about MARK's fast driving (in the November issue). My intention was to impress upon MARK the danger and dumbness of excessive speeding in an automobile. The horror is that he could blow a tire or even hit a pebble on the road and be *killed* or (worse yet) be scarred and maimed forever. The only way for MARK to prevent that from happening is to *slow down*, and that's a fact! A "kindly" L.A. judge may end up helping him most of all, for as we go to press that judge is deciding whether or not to take MARK's driver's license away from him after another recent rash of speeding tickets. Meanwhile, MARK has sobered considerably concerning all the above and has himself a Rolls Royce limousine complete with liveried chauffeur. *Whew!!* . . . The adorable COWSILLS are up for their own TV series. Hope



Davy & achkan

Mark

The Cowsills



GOSSIP

WHAT'S NEW WITH YOUR FAVORITES FROM COAST-TO-COAST!

they get it . . . Congratulations to ERIC BURDON and his beautiful bride ANGIE KING, who were married in Caxton Hall, Westminster, London, England, early in September.

Life Magazine's ROGER VAUGHN wed feature writer KAREN DUDLEY in a rural setting in Centerville, Md., in mid-September. America's hippest reverend, HOWARD MOODY of Greenwich Village's Judson Memorial Church, performed the ceremony. A rock 'n' roll band played a special wedding song, written just for them by JIM MORRISON of the DOORS. JIM's song undoubtedly will soon replace the Mendelssohn wedding march—well, just like stereo has replaced mono . . . Beautiful KATHY CARPENTER and dashing DAVID McCALLUM tied the knot in September at a private wedding in Valley Stream, N.Y. . . . Luvly LYNNE RANDELL has just finished a tour of Australia with TRINI LOPEZ. Before she departed for same, she spent her spare time baby-sitting for a kid named CHRISTIAN NESMITH, who is 2½ years old and whose favorite word is "groovy" . . . GeeGee's recommended LP's this month include Once Upon A Dream by the Rascals on Atlantic; Eric Burdon's Winds Of Change on MGM; Chad and Jeremy's mystical Of Cabbages And Kings on Columbia; Spanky & Our Gang on Mercury; Bobby Vee's Come Back When You Grow Up on Liberty.

Watch for this young man: TIM BUCKLEY. He has everything—beauty, youth, talent and a singing voice that transports you to another world, plus the ability to give Love freely, without fear and without wishing for anything in return. More on him later. Meanwhile, don't fail to pick up on his stoney-end Elektra LP Goodbye And Hello. Soon.



Kathy & bridegroom

Angie & Eric

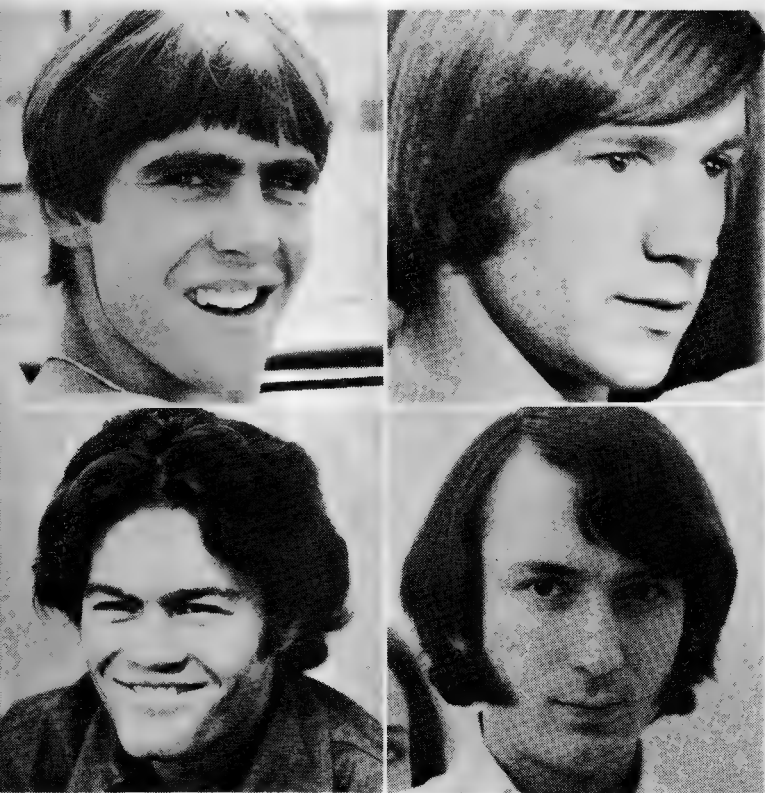
Jim

Chad & Jeremy



HAIR BADGE GIVEAWAY!

**DAVY, MICKY, PETER & MIKE GIVE 1000 PACKETS OF
THEIR VERY OWN HAIR—ABSOLUTELY FREE!**



WHEE-E-E! HAIR IS “IN”—so for the first time in the history of *anything* the four most popular young men in the whole wide world are giving away 1000 pieces of *their very own hair!* AND IT'S ALL FREE!!

Yup—Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike themselves have made special arrangements with their pal and hairstylist, Michael Graber, to prepare 1000 packets of their hair—and to personally guarantee that each packet really and truly contains their very own hair—and to send these 1000 hair-badges to you **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

All you need is a little bit of luck to get one—or more!—of the boys' hair-badges for your own! Because all you have to do is fill in the coupon on this page, cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon! *You may fill in, cut out and mail as many coupons as you wish! There is no limit to the number of coupons you may submit—and of course your chance of winning one or more hair-badges increases with the number of coupons you send in.*

All coupons will be dropped inside a barrel. The barrel will then be revolved and *16's* Editor-in-Chief, Gloria Stavers, *blindfolded*, will pick 1000 coupons from the barrel. The 1000 coupons she picks will be the contest winners—and the sender of each coupon will be awarded a packet of Davy, Micky, Peter or Mike's hair **PLUS** Michael Graber's personal guarantee that it is the boy's *very own hair!*

It's the biggest, mostest *16* contest ever—so get wingin' with it thisveryminute!

P.S.

IF you are *not* one of the lucky winners of a hair-badge from Davy, Micky, Peter or Mike, authenticated by Michael Graber—or IF you win one or more hair-badges, but *not* a packet of hair from the thatch of your favorite guy—*don't despair!* Michael Graber has made special arrangements to make sure that *no* one will be left out. He has prepared still additional hair-badges from his hair clippings of the heads of Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike—and each hair-badge is accompanied by his personal guarantee that the hair therein is the genuine thing!

So if you do not win a single hair-badge—or if you do not win the hair-badge of your favorite guy—just write to this address: Michael Graber Enterprises, P.O. Box 581, Hollywood, Calif., 90028. In your order be sure to state whether you want Davy, Micky, Peter or Mike's hair-badge—or the hair-badges of all four boys. *Print* your name and address very clearly in the letter you send as your order—and *enclose* \$1.25 in cash, check or money order for *each* hair-badge you request (\$1 is for the hair-badge and the additional 25¢ is for handling and mailing). If you want all four hair-badges just send along \$5.00 to the above address.

**IMPORTANT! YOU CANNOT ENTER 16'S "HAIR BADGE GIVEAWAY" CONTEST UNLESS
YOU USE THIS COUPON! FILL IT IN, CUT IT OUT AND MAIL IT NOW!**

"HAIR BADGE GIVEAWAY" CONTEST JANUARY 1968

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ADDRESS

CITY ZIP CODE.....

STATE

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**"HAIR BADGE GIVEAWAY" CONTEST
CONTEST DEPARTMENT**

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do YOU know -

WHAT the Monkees think of each other?

HOW to meet your favorite Monkee?

40 secrets about the Monkees NEVER before published?

do YOU know

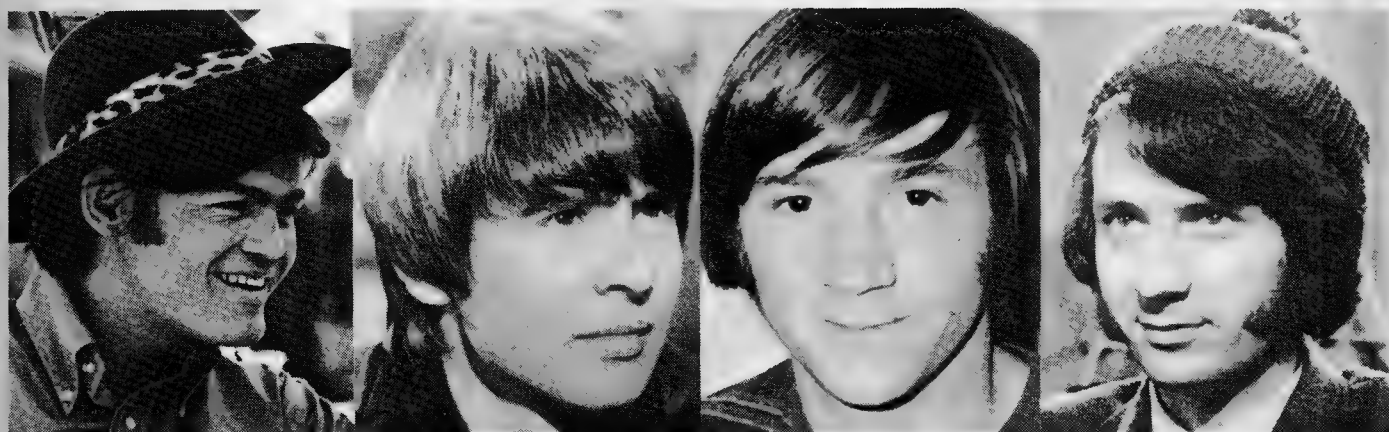
the REAL Davy, the REAL Micky,

the REAL Peter, the REAL Mike?

if you DON'T,

you've got plenty to LEARN about the Monkees - and you can learn EVERYTHING there is to know about the boys in 16's super-glam Monkees book

HERE WE ARE!



HERE WE ARE! is 16's exclusive fax-packed book about the Monkees that answers every question you can possibly ask about the boys! It tells you what the Monkees really think of each other, describes Davy, Mike, Peter and Micky's early lives, tells you how to meet your favorite Monkee, shares 40 never-before-published Monkee secrets with you, shows you the Davy Jones nobody knows, takes you inside Micky's secret life and Peter's "other life," tells you what the Monkees' parents and friends think of them, and — more, more, more!

But that's not all. **Here We Are!** is also packed with a fantastic array of never-before-seen photos of the Monkees from their birth to the present day. And it includes super-smash, personally autographed pin-ups of Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike.

To be sure that you know all about the Monkees, don't fail to send for your copy of **Here We Are!** Just fill in the coupon and mail it to the address on the coupon with a one-dollar bill attached. That's all you have to do to get the one, the only book that tells **ALL** on the Monkees! Do it now!

JAN. 1968

"HERE WE ARE!"

Please send me 16's exclusive Monkees book, *Here We Are!* I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

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BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR WITH JON PROVOST



HI THERE! It's a real thrill to have all you 16-ers pay a private visit to my home. My door is wide open. Come inside. I will close it and show you the kind of life I lead when work and activities are finished and I vanish behind the closed door.



First, come out to my patio. Would you believe that this motorcycle is a toy? My dad says it's my "plaything." When I get bugged with life, I take off and go to places where I can think—and check the speeds my Honda will do as I ride and ride and ride!

These trophies are some of the most prized rewards for helping worthwhile organizations and causes. I have enough to begin filling a room. When I'm older and have my own home, I'll dedicate one room to the many awards I've received. I have everything from the "keys to cities" to TV's Patsy Award, which Lassie loaned to me!

As you see, I do my share of helping out at home. We all pitch in, as Mom and Dad feel that is the way a family stays strong. Obviously, I agree! I vacuum and cook too! Help—someone come and take me away from all this!

Do I dig the sounds of today? Like wow! My favorite groups are the Beatles, Jefferson Airplane, Byrds, Orphan Egg, Stepping Stones and Jim Morrison and The Doors. Have you heard all the knocked-out sounds on this album? Beatles forever!

You can write to Jon at P.O. Box 1214, Beverly Hills, Calif. Put "I'm a 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope and you will get a fast reply.



COME TO KEITH & KEVIN'S 14th BIRTHDAY PARTY!



KEITH

KEVIN

LIKE IT SAYS on the sign, "Hi!" We are Keith and Kevin, and we're inviting you to our 14th birthday party. Actually, the party took place last September 15, but we're asking you to use your vivid imagination and place yourself right here in these fun-time pictures with us. The pictures, by the way, were shot exclusively for *16 Magazine* by our fave-fotog, Bob Custer.



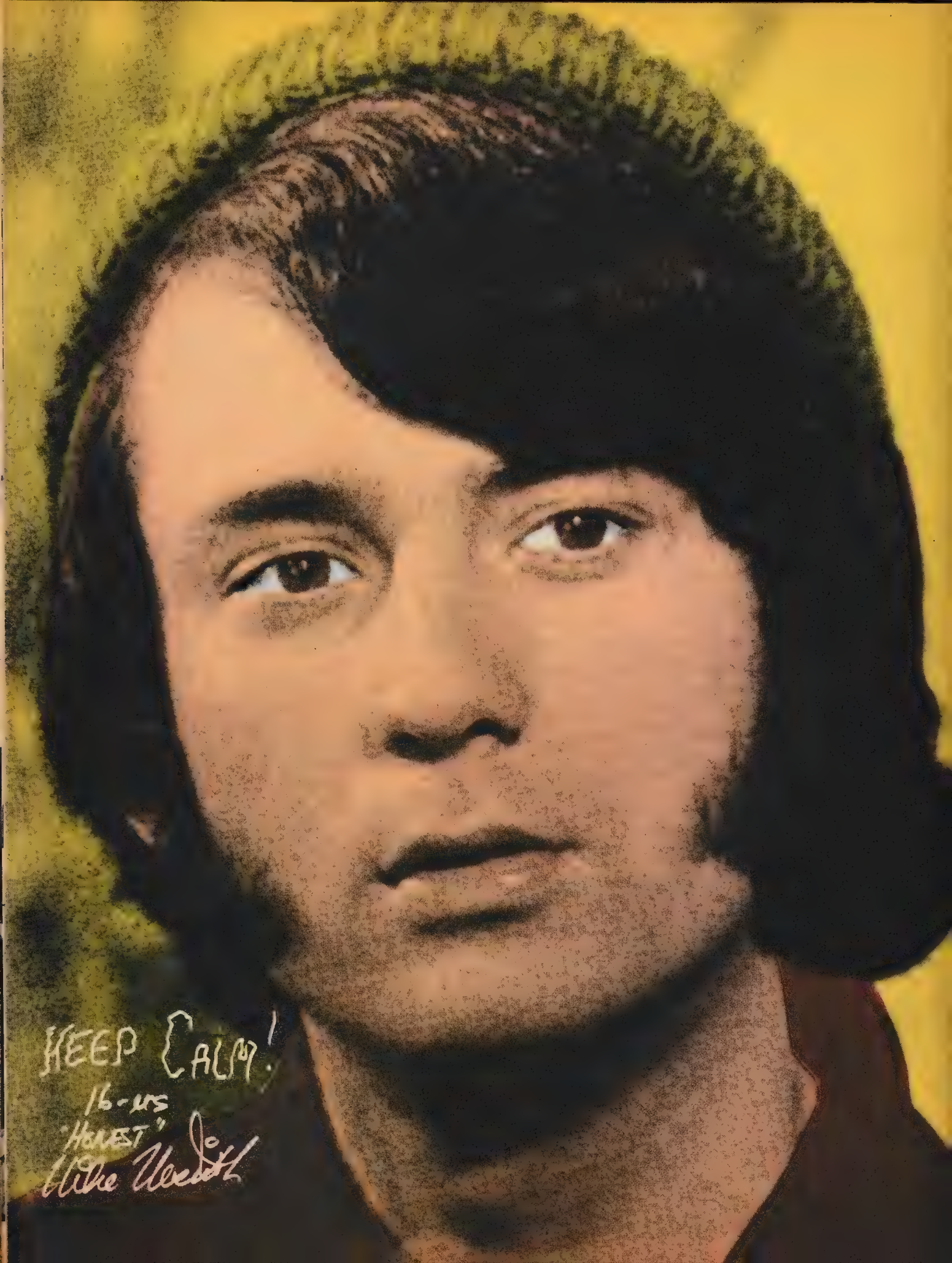
Before the festivities, Carl Oddo, a friend of the family who *happens* to be a barber, gave Kevin a clipping while Keith looked on, devilishly holding a pair of scissors. *Help!*

What have we here? We'll soon know! It turned out to be a gigantic birthday card, twelve feet by three feet, which was made especially for us by one of our fans. Was it *you*?



Now for the high point of our party. Here, we try to blow out all 14 candles with one big *poof*—and we hope our wishes come true! The kids in the back are neighborhood friends, except for that blond guy in the middle—he is our guest of honor, none other than Jon Provost.





KEEP CALM!

16-URS
"HONEST"
Like Us

"MONKEES & YOU"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

way, you smell the aroma of home cooking. Peter chooses to enter the back door and there—standing in the kitchen over a hot stove—is the one and only Davy Jones!

DINNER WITH DAVY

Davy is cooking up a big batch of scrambled eggs, and it seems that you are just in time for a snack. As you, Peter and Davy sit around Davy's large Edwardian dining room table of polished mahogany, you can't help but notice how polite and neat Davy is. If there is an "orderly Monkee," then it sure is Davy!

After your snack, Peter departs. "Got to get back to my song writing," he yells over his shoulder, and you find yourself sitting with Davy as he takes a sunbath by his swimming pool. He is wearing his "Love Beads," and he introduces you to his brand-new puppy dog "Susie."

"Keith and Judy Allison got 'Susie' for me," he tells you. "Keith's German shepherd married Paul Revere's white Husky, and they became the proud parents of this little puppy," he says hugging the little dog. "It was love at first sight for both of us." He looks down at the puppy and smiles "Right, 'Susie'?" All at once Davy becomes very serious, and again you know that you are about to hear a very *private* conversation.

DAVID'S UNTOLD SECRET

"I was just thinking about my father," Davy says after a moment, "and wondering if I am going to be able to get back to Manchester to see him this Christmas. There is so much work to do, and so little time—"

Davy is silent for a while. Then he says, "I really hope I get to go. If anything ever happened to me, my father would be the most unhappy person in the world—and I don't have to tell you I feel the same way about him. Our family has always been very close, and though I have many friends I love him more than anyone in the whole world. In the end, he's really all I've got."

Davy sits staring off into space for a long time, and when he turns you see that there are tears in his eyes. "I don't want anything bad to ever happen to my dad," he continues. "I guess that's really not important to anyone else. That's why I keep it a secret."

He stops talking and you want to tell him that it means a lot to you too, that you understand how it is when someone has that much love in them, but somehow you realize you don't have to say it. *Somehow* you realize that Davy *knows* what you are thinking. At the same time, you turn and smile at each other—and you feel a great tenderness for David Jones.

Once again it's time to go. Come back and visit with the Monkees and me again next month. The February issue of 16 Magazine goes on sale December 21. We'll see you right here then!

Peter and Mike share a joke.



A LETTER FROM TWIGGY TO YOU

Dear Friends,

When Justin & I arrived for our second trip to the United States and found piles of letters from "16" readers waiting for us, we just couldn't believe our eyes! We had no idea that we had so many friends!

I read all of your letters, and truly wish I could answer each & every one personally... but my schedule is so hectic for the next few months that it would be impossible.

"16" Magazine was nice enough to let me answer the questions you asked most often and at the same time, tell you a little about myself, right here in the magazine. But before I do, I just wanted you all to know how very much I appreciate hearing from you. Thank you so much for your sweet letters & do let me hear from you soon

Love
Twiggy
xxx

What is your full real name?

My complete handle is Lesley Hornby.

Do you have any brothers and sisters?

I have two older sisters. They are married and have children.

Where do you live?

I travel a great deal, but I still reside with my mom and dad in a little bungalow about six miles outside of London proper.

Do you have any pets?

Yes. I have a dog named "Bret" and an alley cat named "Binkie". In America, I have a pussycat friend named "Snoopy" (I'll introduce you to him next month). I love animals, but I can't accept them as gifts from my Stateside friends because there is a terribly strict quarantine law against bringing pets into Great Britain. They have to stay in a kennel for observation for six months, and I couldn't stand to see that happen.

What is your favorite color?

I really don't have a favorite color — at least, I've never thought of it.

44 I like all colors. Just call me "Rainbow Girl".



Twiggy with Justin.



Do you have any hobbies?

I love designing and making my own fashions, but lately I haven't had much time for dressmaking—or any hobbies, for that matter.

Do you have any pet peeves?

Yes, I can't stand bugs or insects of any kind. Just the sight of a spider or something like that drives me absolutely batty!

Do you like America?

Yes. People are always asking me what I like **MOST** about America, and I never know what to tell them. I mean, you either like a place and feel comfortable in it or you don't — and I **LOVE** it here! I guess I like it mainly because of all the wonderful people I've met and worked with. Everyone has been so sweet — gone out of their way to make me feel at home.

It's been great chatting with you, but my space has run out this issue. I'd love to continue our conversation, so be sure to pick up the February issue of 16, which goes on sale December 21. Meanwhile, if you have time, drop me a line in care of Stewart Models Corp., 405 Park Avenue, New York City. Thanks!

GRAB IT NOW! 16's FAB NEW MONKEE PRIVATE PICTURE BOOK



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MONKEE HIDDEN CHILDHOOD PIX

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THEIR OWN FAVORITE PIX

BEHIND THE SCENES ON THE MONKEE SET

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF THEIR LOVED ONES

PLUS more MORE MORE!

YES, now you can get 16's fab-mad **Monkee Private Picture Book** with all of the many features listed in the arrows above! It's an absolutely smashing book that you'll prize for ever and ever — so don't dare to miss it!

How can you be *sure* of getting your copy? It's as simple as this: just fill in the coupon on this page, cut out the coupon and mail it to the address on the coupon with a one-dollar bill attached. That's right! Just a single dollar bill will grab you *your* personal copy of 16's **Monkee Private Picture Book**! So send the coupon — and your dollar — off today. Without this stunning new Monkee book, you're just not with it! **Act now!**

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JANUARY 1968

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**RAIDERS, DD&B AND HERMAN—
THEIR WILD HAWAIIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28**



Peter Noone (Herman, that is) and the Hermits dropped in for the Hawaiian concerts—and got a royal welcome from Hawaii's flower children.



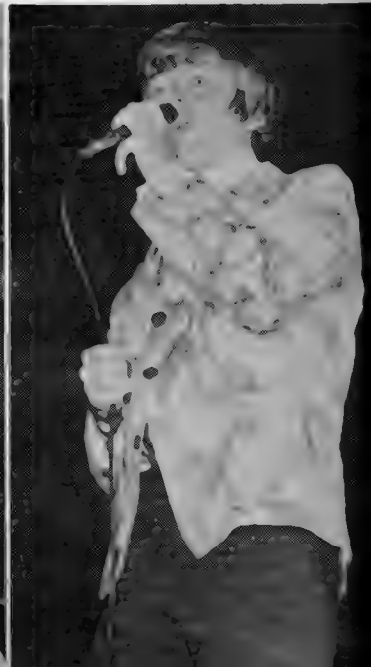
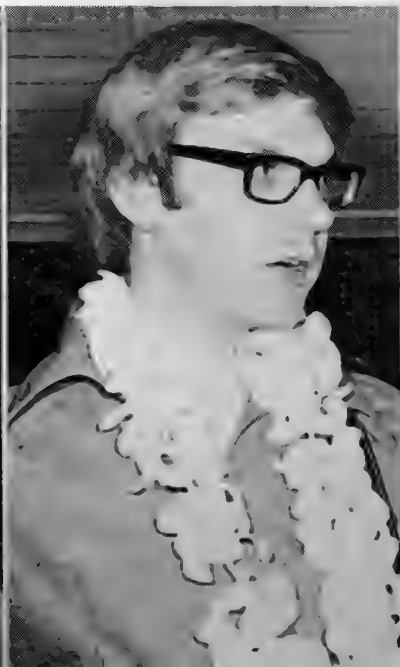
Herman rose to the occasion by slipping into his most flowery jacket and tie.

Hermit Barry Whitwan swung into the spirit of the festivities by draping a wreath of flowers around his head—

—and Lek joined in with a garland of posies around his neck.

But Karl topped them by wreathing both his thatch and his neck with flowers.

Needless to say, Herman and the Hermits were a smash when they performed for their Hawaiian hostesses and hosts.





Lynne Randell also popped over for a starlit visit. Here she appears with K-poi deejay Steve Nicolet.

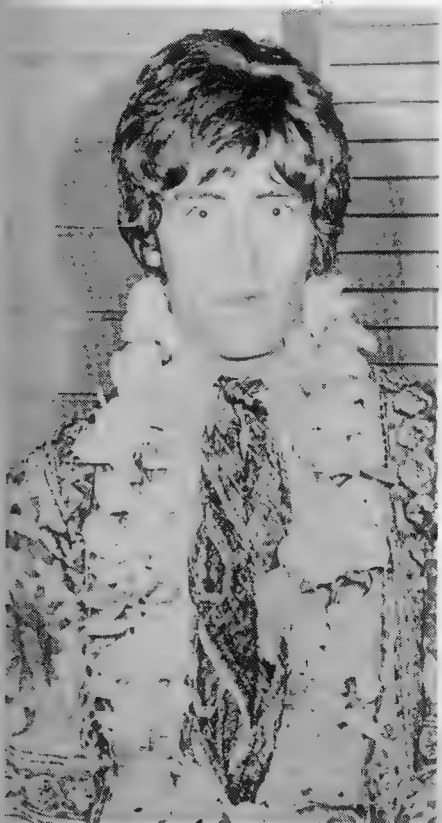


Autograph time (note the ring Lynne is wearing).



In tune with the Hawaiian mood, Lynne appeared in a striking blouse lovingly laced with a flower motif.

The Who arrived in Hawaii and got a flowery reception too (Roger Daltrey wears a souvenir around his neck).



The Who's Pete Townshend goes to work.



John Entwistle and Keith Moon in a moment of harmony.





INTRODUCING... **CHRIS CROSBY & MARK SLADE**

TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Chris Crosby was born on June 28, 1946, in sunny California. He is the son of Bob and June Crosby and he has two brothers, Bob, Jr., and Steve, and two sisters, Cathy and Malia. Chris stands six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Although the rest of his family call La Jolla, Calif., their home, Chris lives in a hillside house (once owned by Charlie Chaplin) in Laurel Canyon. One of his many famous neighbors is "Papa" Denny Doherty. Chris' home resembles a French chateau and his large swimming pool overlooks the fabulous Sunset Strip. Anyone for a dip?

Chris is working hard on his first LP for Atlantic Records and is also preparing for a movie career. He has appeared many times on *The Merv Griffin Show* (and on all of the other major television shows) and has performed in concerts and clubs in Hawaii, Mexico, Canada, London and all across the United States. He loves to travel.

Chris plays the guitar and harmonica, and is a fan of the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Byrds, Beach Boys and the Mamas and Papas. His favorite actor and actress are Paul Newman and Raquel Welch. He's wild about the color blue, rare steaks, writing songs, racing motorcycles, skiing, surfing, fishing, hunting, golf and sailing—to name a few!

If a girl is sincere, likes to communicate and is wild about the sunny beaches and ocean spray of the California coast, she would find Chris the perfect escort. He likes to take his dates for long car rides along the coast, and then to dinner at a quiet restaurant overlooking the sea. Anyone for seafood?

Chris plans to continue his singing career and become well known as an actor. He calls himself a "part-time beach bum" and hopes to settle down by the sea someday.

You can write to Chris at Atlantic Records, 1841 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

MARK VAN BLARCOM SLADE was born on May 1, 1939, in Salem, Mass. He went to Hamilton High School and Worcester Academy in Massachusetts before coming to New York City to study dramatics at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Mark is five feet and ten inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has blue eyes and fair hair. He lives in a rustic old house on the side of a mountain high above Hollywood. Anyone who comes to call has to climb 88 steps to get to his front door! (Better get in shape, girls!!) Mark is a folk-music fan and plays a little guitar. He loves the Kingston Trio, Peter, Paul & Mary, and has every LP that Joan Baez ever made. Mark likes the Beatles too.

His favorite actors and actresses are Gabby Hayes, W.C. Fields, Sophia Loren and Joan Crawford. He's mad about the color blue, lobster, fried clams, baked stuffed flounder, New England, running two miles every day, skiing and riding his motorcycle.

Mark likes clean-cut, well-educated girls who enjoy sports and fun. He takes his dates to parties, movies, plays and informal gatherings. He hates to go to "discos" and much prefers a quiet walk to the "watusi". Mark, who plays Billy Blue Cannon in NBC-TV's *High Chaparral*, just finished a film called *Limbo* with Cameron Mitchell as his co-star. He plans to produce, direct and act in his own films someday.

Mark is active in many other fields. He is an accomplished ventriloquist and is a wild cartoonist. His caricatures have been published in several magazines, and he is currently working on a comic strip that soon may be seen in your local papers. He hopes to move to the country someday, settle down and raise a nice, quiet family. Don't fret, girls—he said "someday"!

You can write to Mark Slade in care of High Chaparral, NBC-TV, Hollywood, California.

16's SING-ALONG



SHE IS STILL A MYSTERY

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful on Kama Sutra Records.)

Remember hallways.
You're waiting always to see
behind the door.
You've never seen her,
you're gonna meet her.
The first time so unsure.

She smiles your way, through a window.
You smile right back, she runs away.
You wish little girls'd sit still
just a little bit longer,
And she is still a mystery to me.

I thought I'd grow up gracefully.
I'd understand my woman thoroughly,
But the more I see — the more I see,
There is to see — there is to see.
And she is still a mystery to me.

I used to wonder, then in thunder,
understanding is done.
But now I'm graspin' that
understanding's only part of love.

She smiles your way, through a window.
You smile right back, she runs away.
You wish little girls'd sit still
just a little bit longer,
And she is still a mystery to me.

(Copyright © 1967 by Faithful Virtue Music Co., Inc. Used by Permission. Words and Music by John Sebastian.)

CROSS MY HEART

(As recorded by Phil Ochs on A & M Records)

I don't know, but it seems that
every single dream,
Is painting pretty pictures in the air.
Then it tumbles in despair
and it starts to bend,
Until by the end it's a nightmare.

(CHORUS)

But I'm gonna give, all that

I've got to give.
Cross my heart, and I hope to live.

I don't know, but it's true
so many things you do,
Please you so they leave you
feeling warm.
It's the calm before the storm,
For the habit grows and
before you know it you're deformed.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

I don't know, but I see
that everything is free.
When you're young the treasures
you can take,
But the bridge is bound to break.
And you reach the end screaming
it's all been a mistake.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE
AND CHORUS)

(Copyright © 1966 by Barricade Music, Inc., 1697 Broadway (1207), N.Y.C., N.Y. Used by Permission. Words and Music by Phil Ochs.)

LIKE AN OLD TIME MOVIE

(As recorded by Scott McKenzie on Ode Records.)

Everytime I see you,
It's just because you're blue.
You don't really need me,
The way that I need you.

Don't come on so groovy.
You'd do better mean.
You're like an old time movie,
One that I've already seen.

(CHORUS)

Baby, yes, I need your love,
But I'm not gonna get this low.
Don't you think that I can tell,
When you've got no place else to go?
Could it be you misunderstood,
When you tried to read my mind.

'Cause this time you will find,
I'm gonna let you go,
everytime I see you.

You're like an old time movie.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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PEACE OF MIND

(As recorded by Revere & Raiders on Columbia Records. Lead sung by Mark Lindsay.)

Everybody seems to love it.
Ain't a single thing above it.
If you've ever done without it,
Join me now, we're gonna shout it.
Talkin' bout peace of mind.

Turn your back on all the sorrow.
Sun will shine so bright tomorrow.
Mister sky will look much bluer,
Ain't no fact that could be truer.
Talkin' bout peace of mind,
peace of mind.

I learned my lesson from the seasons.
Mother Nature has her reasons.
You got cloudy weather?

That's a sure sign,
That in the morning
you'll have sunshine.
Talkin' bout peace of mind,
peace of mind.

Talkin' bout peace (peace)
peace of mind.
Everybody needs peace (peace)
peace of mind.
You an' me, brother, need peace (peace)
peace of mind.
Everybody needs a little peace (peace)
peace of mind.

(FADE OUT)

(Copyright © 1967, Daywin Music, Inc. Printed with warmest wishes of Copyright owners. Written by Mark Lindsay and Terry Melcher.)

16's SWEETHEART of the MONTH



Once again **16** salutes a top teen idol! This issue's **Sweetheart of the Month** is the one and only Peter Noone! Multi-talented Peter—better known as Herman—has been featured many times over the years in **16** and **16 Spec**, and the storm of letters for him that pour in each week prove that he is one of **your** all-time favorite stars! Here is not only a gorgeous, kissable pin-up of Peter—but you (and he) may also enjoy the pleasure of reading just a few of the heartfelt and beautiful “epistles to Peter” that have been written to **16** by its millions of ever-loving Peter Noone fans!

“Peter seems so **real**—every time he smiles, I know he means it!”—Stacy D., Newport Beach.

“If I could pick any guy in the world to go out with on a date—it would be Peter Noone!”—Sandy W., N.Y.C.

“Whenever I feel blue, all I have to do is put one of Herman’s records on my record player—and then I smile!”—Mary Lu G., Scranton.

“Herman is not only a fabulous singer, but he’s quite an actor too!”—Kyrie C., Toledo.

“Peter Noone seems to understand his fans. He takes the time to be nice to them, no matter how busy he is. I know, because he gave me his autograph—and a smile!”—Iris H., London, England.

MAMMOTH MONKEE PIN-UPS!

plus **PORTRAITS OF ALL YOUR TEEN FAVES**

DAVY JONES • MICKY DOLENZ • PETER TORK • MONKEE GROUP PHOTO • MARK LINDSAY
NEW RAIDERS • HERMAN • DINO • DESI • BILLY • PAUL McCARTNEY • JOHN LENNON
GEORGE HARRISON • RINGO STARR • DAVE CLARK 5



YES — THIS SET OF 16'S SUPER-GIANT PIN-UPS FEATURES ALL-EXCLUSIVE, GORGEOUS, KISSABLE, PORTRAITS OF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOUR ALL-TIME TEEN FAVES. DON'T YOU GET LEFT OUT IN THE COLD — RIGHT NOW FILL OUT THE ORDER COUPON ON THIS PAGE, CLIP A ONE DOLLAR BILL TO IT AND MAIL IT TO THE ADDRESS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE COUPON. BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO GET THESE SWINGING, SUPER-SMASHING, ONE-OF-A-KIND PIN-UPS!

SUPER GIANT PIN-UPS

JAN. 1968

Please send me 16's Super-Giant Pin-Ups. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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LOOK MA, I'M LAUGHING!

16 will pay \$1 for every joke published in "Look Ma, I'm Laughing!". And for the joke selected as "Joke of the Month," we'll pay \$5.

We'll also pay \$2 for each drawing we publish here (please submit them, if possible, in black ink on white paper or board).

IMPORTANT: No drawings will be returned to the senders unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes with cardboard enclosed — the envelopes large enough to accommodate the drawings.

So come on — make us laugh! Send your jokes to: "Look Ma, I'm Laughing!", 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202. **AND BE SURE TO WRITE YOUR FULL NAME AND FULL ADDRESS ON EACH PAGE OF MATERIAL YOU MAIL!**

P.S. Many of the jokes we receive are the same; for this reason, the sender whose entry bears the earliest postmark will be credited with the joke and awarded the cash.

PETER: "Boy, I sure wish I had a glass of water!"

DAVY: "Why — are you thirsty?"

PETER: "No, I just wanna see if my neck leaks!"

Two Hollywood goats found some film behind one of the studios. One of the goats began to eat the film.

FIRST GOAT: "How is it? Any good?"

SECOND GOAT: "It's not bad, but I liked the book a lot better!"

KAREN CALIK, Johnstown, Pa.

MARK: "Paul, is electricity attracted to water?"

PAUL: "Yes."

MARK: "How do you know?"

PAUL: "Well, every time I take a bath the phone rings!"

PALMA SPOONER, Bartow, Fla.

TEENY: "Listen, do you hear anything?"

WEENY: "No."

TEENY: "You should! I'm talking to you!"

SMITTY: "I used to have freckles, but not any more!"

PHIL: "What did you do?"

SMITTY: "I washed my mirror!"

PATTI KELLEY, Cincinnati, Ohio

DINO: "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

DESI: "That requires technique! First, you put your arm around her waist. Then you gently take her left hand and —"

DINO: "Hey, she's my sister!"

DESI: "Oh! Just push her off the dock!"

KAREN POLAND, Herndon, Va.

FREDDY: "Look at this beautiful bunch of roses I got for my girl!"

JOE, JR.: "Wow! How did you ever make a trade like that?"

JODY GRABER, New York, N.Y.

FORTUNE TELLER: "I charge five dollars for two questions."

MICKY: "Isn't that a little expensive?"

FORTUNE TELLER: "Yes. Now, what's your second question?"

JIM LYNCH, Shreveport, La.

JOKE OF THE MONTH

\$5 PRIZE WINNER!

JANICE HITCHEN, Lodi, Calif.

PAUL: "Do you file your fingernails?"

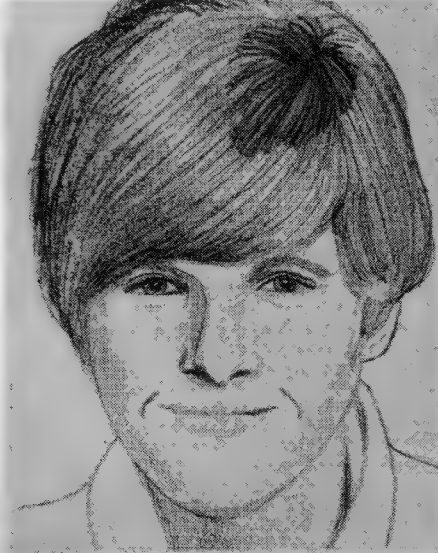
RINGO: "No, I usually just cut them off and throw them away!"



Peter Tork was drawn by Sue Smirnoff of Colonia, N. J.



Mr. Spock was inked by Linda Leach of Westland, Mich.



Dino Martin, Jr., was sketched by Jan Kelley of Miami, Fla.

5 ERRORS CONTEST

SNEAK a peek at these five fire-balls! They call themselves the Canned Heat and they cook up a mean batch of blues. You can give their sound a listen on Liberty Records. It'll be quite a treat! But wait a minute! Do you see what we see?

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below, tear the page along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

To each of the first five readers who can correctly identify all five errors, 16 will award \$10 in cash. All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and Gloria Stavers, *blindfolded*, will pick the winners — so everybody has a chance!

Go to work right away — and good luck!

RIGHT

WRONG



5 ERRORS CONTEST JAN. 1968

NAME.....MY AGE IS.....

STREET.....

CITY.....ZIP CODE.....

STATE.....ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?.....

MAIL TO "5 ERRORS CONTEST" • 16 MAGAZINE • BOX 104 BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202

16's ALL-STAR BIRTHDAY & GIFT GUIDE

HAVE YOU EVER wondered when your favorite star's birthday is, what kind of present he would like to have—and how to make certain that it is mailed to a place where he will be sure to get it? Well, wonder no more! Here is full info on all the stars who have birthdays coming up within the next 30 days. The guide includes measurements, favorite gifts and colors, and a correct address—PLUS a complete horoscope for all you Sagittarians!!

Sagittarius — Nov. 22 to Dec. 21.

Birth Stone — Turquoise.

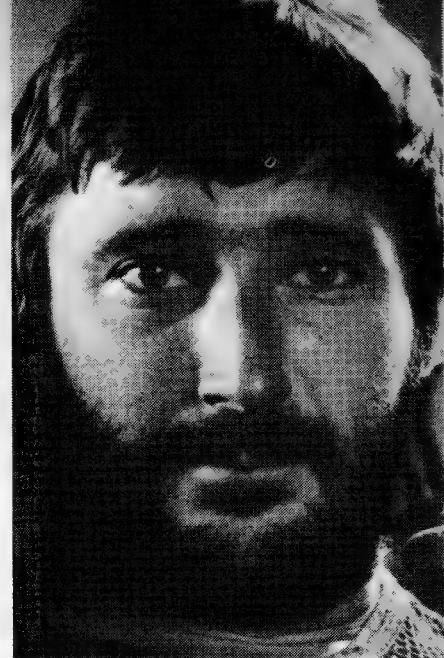
Birth Flower — Poinsetta.

Character — Broadminded, humorous, tolerant and truthful. Sagittarians are optimistic and confident, and really enjoy life to the fullest. They have a strong sense of justice. They love the country, the sea and animals of all kinds. Animals seem to love Sagittarians too. They have a happy nature and a "strange" sense of humor.

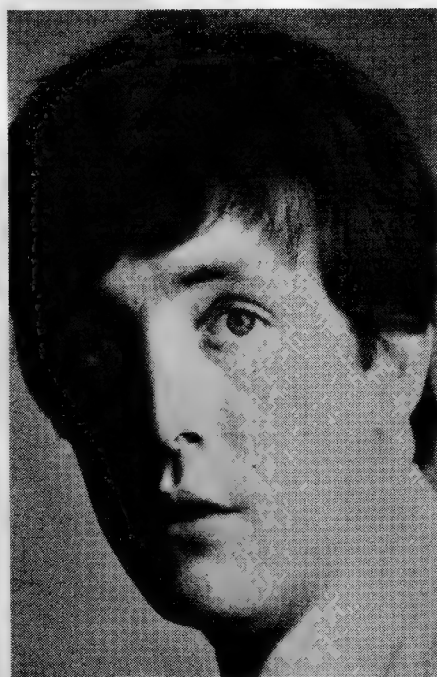
Love Aspects — Sagittarians have a sympathetic and affectionate nature and are very loyal to the ones they love. They have very high ideals and love their freedom, but they require understanding and companionship from a partner who will share their interests. Sagittarians look for partners who will accept them as they are. They don't like to have to pretend.



FELIX CAVALIERE (RASCALS): *Birthday* — November 29; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 14½-inch neck/31-inch sleeve (or Small); *sweater* — 36 (or Small); *shoe* — 8½; *socks* — 10; *ring* — 8; *favorite colors* — all colors; *favorite gifts* — paper flowers and pictures of his fans; *address* — 380 Planetarium Station, New York City.



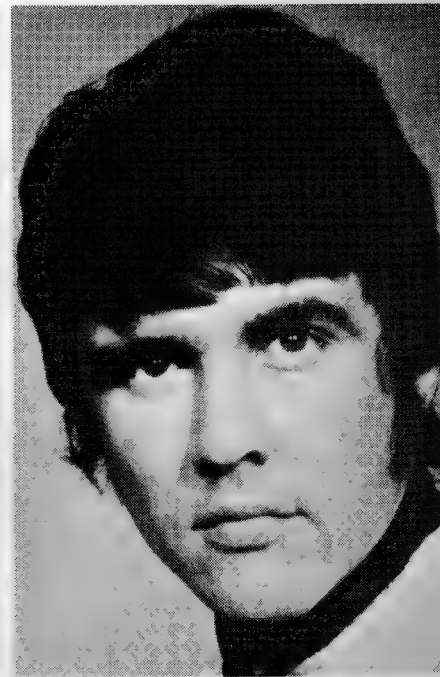
DENNY DOHERTY (MAMAS & PAPAS): *Birthday* — November 29; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 14½-inch neck/33-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9½; *socks* — 10½; *ring* — 9; *favorite colors* — green, brown and very bright colors; *favorite gifts* — crazy montages or paintings you make yourself; *address* — 321 S. Beverly Hills, Calif.



MIKE SMITH (DAVE CLARK 5): *Birthday* — December 6; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/35-inch sleeve (or Large); *sweater* — 42 (or Large); *shoe* — 10½C; *favorite colors* — beige and blue; *favorite gifts* — American gadgets or scrapbooks from his fans; *address* — Regent House, 235 Regent St., London W.1, England.



JIM MORRISON (DOORS): *Birthday* — December 8; *hat* — never wears one; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/32-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9D; *socks* — 11; *ring* — he likes the one he has; *favorite colors* — all the colors in the rainbow; *favorite gifts* — poems and drawings that you make yourself; *address* — in care of Elektra Records, 6290 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.



DAVE CLARK (DAVE CLARK 5): *Birthday* — December 15; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/33-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9D; *socks* — 10; *favorite colors* — white, black and red; *favorite gifts* — anything from America, like things you make yourself; *address* — Regent House, 235 Regent St., London W.1, England.

SAJID KHAN

"MY LIFE IN PIX"

16 presents childhood pictures of handsome Sajid Khan, star of the smash NBC-TV series, *Maya*. Seems like Sajid has been a professional actor ever since he was knee-high to a baby elephant — look and see!



Brown-eyed Sajid is seen here at the age of three with his late father, noted Indian film director Mehboob Khan. Sajid was doing a role in the classic Indian film *Mother India*.



Here is Sajid at the age of five. Looks like he's already been to quite a few Western movies, doesn't it? Look out, Sajid — there's another "bad guy" sneakin' up behind you!



BLAM! Got him, dead center! That'll teach 'em not to mess with "Sheriff Sajid, the fastest gun in the West"— (Western India, that is!).



Here is Sajid as he looks today — with his handsome co-star, Jay North. Looks like he traded his horse and saddle for an elephant! (He still battles the "bad guys" though!)

SALLY FIELD ALIAS THE FLYING NUN SINGS!

WHEN SALLY LEFT YOU in the December issue of 16, she was just about to go into the Colgems Recording Studio in Hollywood to start work on her first LP with composers and producers, Howard Greenfield, Helen Miller and Jack Keller. Naturally, Sally—who had never sung professionally before — was somewhat uptight about the whole scene. But she was determined to have a go at recording and to do the very best she could — and deep down inside she hoped to fulfill her lifelong daydream, in which she stood on a stage in a spotlight, à la Julie Andrews, and sang to an enraptured audience.

Sally was right on time for her first record session. Howie describes the way she looked: "She had on no make-up — except some stuff around the eyes. She always goes around with what I call 'the natural look'. Her long brown hair, which you never see on the TV show, was in two braids tied with bright orange yarn. She had on khaki bermuda shorts and a red and white checked shirt.

FOLLOW THE STAR

The first song Sally cut was called *Follow the Star*, which Helen and Howie had written especially for her. As she stood before the mike, scanning the lyrics, she tried to maintain her cool, but she was really frightened (like — wouldn't you be?).

Sally nodded when she was ready and the background music (which had been recorded the day before) began. Howie was amazed. "I really had not expected anything like what she did," he said later. "She just stood there and blossomed like a rose. We got the song done on the first take, and when we played it back for Sally she didn't say a word — but there was a kind of glow in her eyes that made us know that she knew that we were all very pleased."

Appropriately, the next song Sally cut was *The Louder I Sing, The Braver I Get*. All in all, at her first recording session Sally put down nine bands, including her first single, *Felicidad/A Dream Comes True*.

By now you've probably heard Sally's LP and have also heard her singing on her groovy new Screen Gems show, *The Flying Nun*. Remember, when you see her and hear her, that in her heart she is a little girl just like you — well, *maybe* a little bit luckier — and she has realized that she has had a life-long dream come true. Sally gives this advice to her 16 fans: "If you have a dream, hold on to it and work hard to get it. If you *do*, you *will*. I know, because it happened to me — and if you *believe*, your dream will come true just like mine did."

You can write to Sally Field at Screen Gems Studio, 1334 Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to put "I Am A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope.





L & C Expedition



Jane gets punched



Jim



Woody

LAST - MINUTE FLASHES

By GEEGEE

Lewis and Clarke Expedition will be featured in Columbia Pictures movie, *For Singles Only*. 'Twixt time, they recorded the title song for Columbia's new flick, *The Tiger Makes Out*. . . Pretty **Jane Asher** got punched right in the nose—not for real, though. The slug was administered by her co-star in an English TV play called *The Man Who Understood Women*. . . The **Cheetah Club** gave a smasho-bango-boffo (and all of them o's) send-off party to the **Mamas & Papas** when they departed on the *Ile de France* on October 30 to begin their Sab-batical. The night before, **Ed Sullivan** featured them in the opening and closing of his show and they were, as usual, great. Guest stars at the **Mamas & Papas'** party included **Jim Morrison**, **Scott MacKenzie**, **Every Mothers' Son**, **Van Morrison**, **Woody Allen**, **Lee Keiffer**, **Steve and Edie**—and the **Rascals**. Guest group was the **Nazz**, fresh out of Philly—and real show-stoppers! . . . Speaking of the **Ras-**

cals, they were not only guests at **Ravi Shankar's** private reception after his smash concert at Lincoln Center's New York Philharmonic Hall, but they were also selected by Ravi to be featured on a CBS News Special about the merger of American pop and Indian raga. And speaking of **Ravi Shankar**, he has been asked to score many American films. The only one he has consented to do so far is *Charly*, starring **Cliff Robertson** (thank you, Lee).

Mark Lindsay, who needs another household pet like Custer needed more Indians, recently adopted one of the offspring of "Angel" and "Otis" **Revere-Allison**. Mark named his snow-white pooch "Spook." If you want to see "Spook's" little sister, turn to Page 42. . . Darlin' **Davy Jones** bought a ranch-type farm in Malibu and will soon ask us all to come down and go horseback riding with him—we hope! . . . Another horse lover, **Jim Morrison**, bought a

ranch very near to **Davy's**, coincidentally. So, anyway you look at it, it's a nice neighborhood in which to hang out. . . At press time, the **Beatles** were off to **Swami Mahrashi's** "place like Heaven" on the banks of the river Ganges in India. . . **Barry and Cynthia Weil** wrote the **Monkee** single *Love is Only Sleeping*. **Mike Nesmith** sings lead on it. **Davy** sings lead on the B-side, *Daydream Believer*. The **Monkees'** newest LP, as you know by now, is called *Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn and Jones, Limited*. **Lost, strayed or stolen: Davy's adorable puppy, Susie**. Hope she has been found or returned to Davy by the time you read this. If Davy has lost Susie permanently, how would you like to be the one to give him a brand new German Shepherd pup. If so, write Davy's secretary — Pat Mitchell, 19730 Bassett St., Canoga Park, Calif., and give her full information.



The Nazz



The M & P's on the Ed Sullivan Show.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO CARRY A MONKEE IN YOUR WALLET?

YOU CAN — NOT JUST ONE BUT ALL FOUR MONKEES — IN 40 SUPER OUTASITE MONKEE WALLET PHOTOS!



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JANUARY 1968

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FULL FAX ON JAY N

FULL REAL NAME: My full real name is Jay Waverly North.

BIRTHDATE AND PLACE: I was born in Hollywood, Calif., on August 3, 1951.

PERSONAL DATA: I have reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. I am five feet and ten inches tall and I weigh 140 pounds.

FAMILY INFO: My mom is Dorothy North. I'm an only child.

HOME INFO: I live with my mom in the San Fernando Valley, Calif. I guess you'd call our house Hawaiian modern!

SCHOOLS ATTENDED: I went to the Marian Colbert Private School in Hollywood for a while. I have a private tutor now.

INSTRUMENTS PLAYED: I'm not bad on the drums. I've got a guitar too, and am taking lessons. So far, it doesn't sound like much, but it sure is fun!

FAVORITES—

SINGING GROUPS: I think they're all great. I took my collection of Beatle LPs to India with me. I like Paul Revere and The Raiders a lot.

INDIVIDUAL SINGERS: I judge singers by their individual performances. I like them all.

ACTOR AND ACTRESS: Boy, what tough questions! I like too many to list!

TV SHOWS: My favorite TV show was *The Fugitive*. Now that he has stopped running, I guess I'll have to find a new fave. I don't have too much time to watch TV, anyway.

COLORS: I like blue, yellow and red.

FOODS: I like Mexican food — tacos especially. I'm also pretty wild about good hot dogs.

HOBBIES: I like to draw and I sketch things in my spare time. I carry my sketch-pad along with me whenever I can.

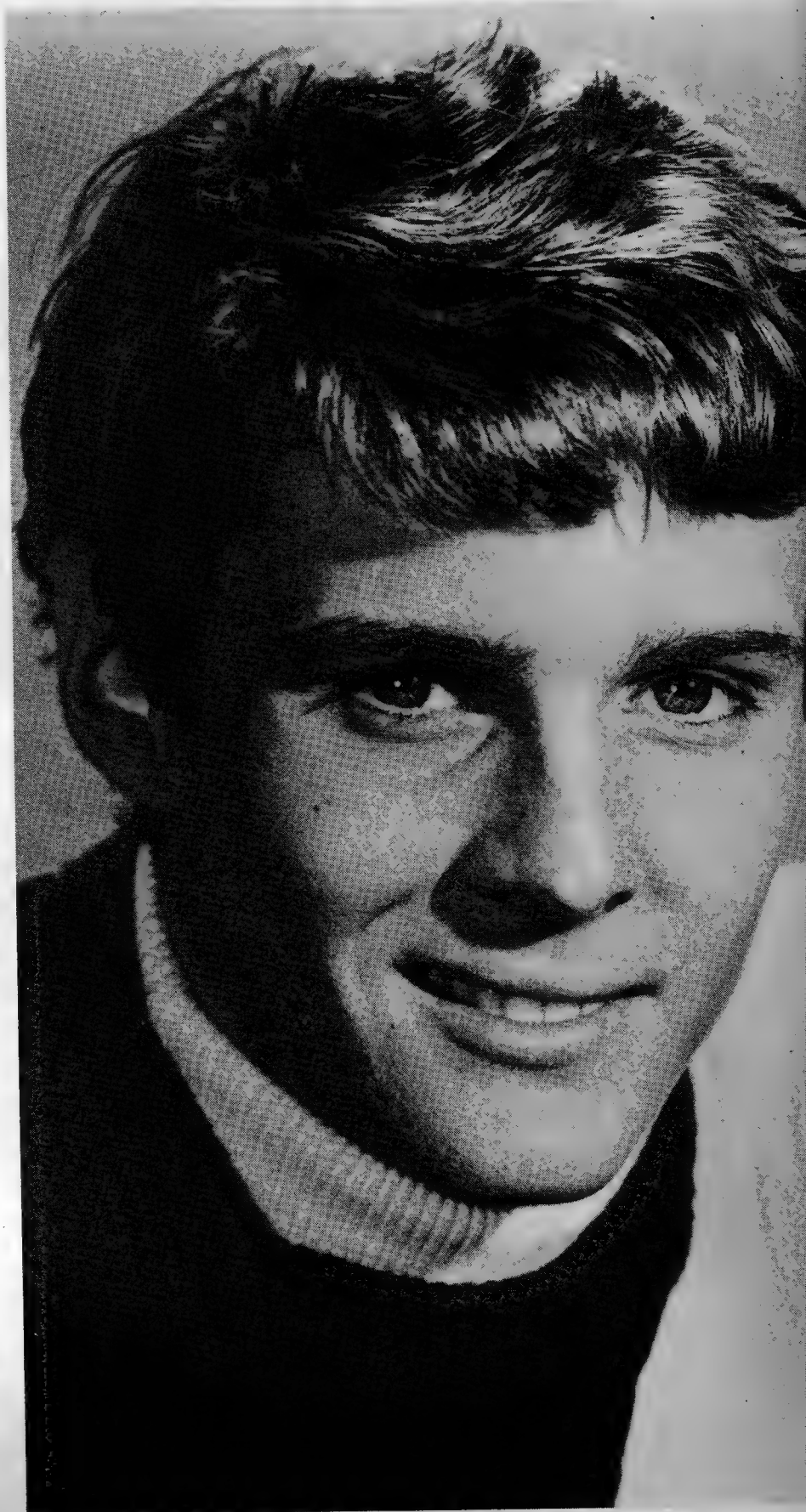
SPORTS: I love them all, but my favorite is football. I've got a Christmas card from The Atlanta Falcons pro football team which reads, "To A Future Falcon."

WHAT LOOKED FOR IN A GIRL: I like girls who are natural. I think girls look a lot better when they don't wear a lot of makeup. I can't stand phonies.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO DO ON A DATE?: I love to dance. I like to learn the latest rage, and take my dates to a groovy disco to practice.

PLANS AND AMBITIONS: I want to go to college. I haven't picked one yet, but I want to major in commercial art. Who knows, I might be a twentieth century Rembrandt someday!

ADDRESS: You can write to me in care of Maya, MGM-TV, 10202 Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.



ORTH & SAJID KHAN

FULL REAL NAME: My full real name is Sajid Khan, but quite a few of my friends call me "Saj".

BIRTHDATE AND PLACE: I was born on December 28, 1952, in Bombay, India.

PERSONAL DATA: I am five feet and eight inches tall, and I weigh 140 pounds. I have brown eyes and amber brown hair.

FAMILY INFO: My mother's name is Akhtar Mehboob Khan. I have no brothers or sisters.

HOME INFO: I live with my mother in a big house in Bombay. The house is very old, but my apartment is modern.

SCHOOLS ATTENDED: I went to St. Peter's School in Panchgani, India. I have a private tutor now. I like English very much, but I'm not too fond of Algebra.

INSTRUMENTS PLAYED: I can play the drums, and I just got an electric guitar. I sing a little bit, but my voice is not too good.

FAVORITES—

SINGING GROUPS: I don't have any favorite group. I just go by the words or tunes.

INDIVIDUAL SINGERS: I like them all, but I like Indian music best. I could listen to Ravi Shankar play the sitar for hours!

ACTOR AND ACTRESS: Paul Newman and Elizabeth Taylor.

TV SHOWS: I like variety shows, but my favorite TV show is *Maya*. I hope that doesn't sound conceited!

COLORS: Black and white.

FOODS: I like Chinese, Mexican and Indian food. My favorite meal is steak and mashed potatoes. I'm not too good a cook; every time I try cooking, the food tastes pretty *strange*. (Ask Jay!)

HOBBIES: I think my hobby is dreaming. I love to daydream. I can even make up my own stories to daydream about. It's almost like going to the movies.

SPORTS: I like to swim and go horseback riding.

WHAT LOOKED FOR IN A GIRL: I like girls with blonde hair and brown or blue eyes. That's not a strict rule with me however. I like *all* types!

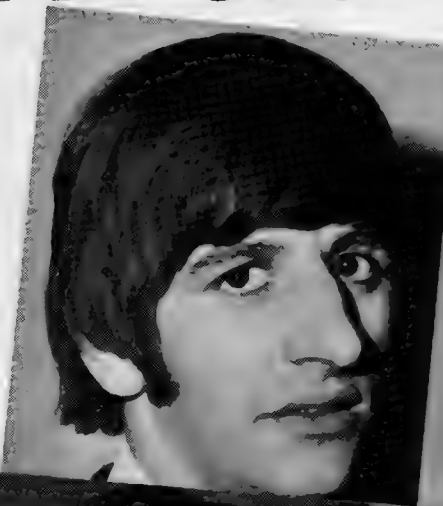
WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO DO ON A DATE?: I like to dance or go to parties. Mainly, I like to sit and talk with my dates. I like to talk about *everything*!

PLANS AND AMBITIONS: I want to keep up with my acting career, go to college and someday become a motion picture director. I'd love to put some of my daydreams on film. I've written quite a few of them down, and I think they'd make exciting movies!

ADDRESS: You can write to me in care of *Maya*, MGM-TV, 10202 Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.



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JAN. 1968

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YOU'RE TELLING ME!

FROM GLORIA STAVERS

I want to assure each and every one of you who writes a letter to me at *16 Magazine* that your letter is delivered to me *personally*. I want to assure you too that I read *every single* letter I receive, that I'm grateful to you for writing to me and that I appreciate every suggestion and criticism you address to me. There isn't enough space in *16 Magazine* for me to publish every letter I receive and there isn't enough time for me to answer every letter personally — but please keep writing and look for your letter and my answer each month in *You're Telling Me!*

Address all of your letters as follows: Miss Gloria Stavers, 16 Magazine, Business Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

STAY, DAVY, STAY!

Dear Miss Stavers,

After reading that letter from GRETTA BLACK in the November issue saying that DAVY should split, I almost blew a gasket!! What a nerve! Sure, DAVY has a great future, but for the time being he is a MONKEE and belongs with the MONKEES until—and if—they ever break up.

Merry Trueman

Boston, Mass.

• Dear Merry,

The *STAY's* won 99% against 1% for the *GO's*. Don't worry—DAVY assures us he is a MONKEE as long as he is wanted.

ENGLISH PEN PALS

Dear Gloria,

Please tell any of your readers who are MONKEE enthusiasts, and who would like to have English pen pals, that they may want to subscribe to our *Monkees Monthly*. It is an English magazine devoted exclusively to Peter, Mike, Micky and Davy—and each month we run fab pix and stories on them plus a long list of English kids who'd like to have Stateside pen friends. 16 readers who wish to sub-

scribe, send \$4 in cash to:

Monkees Monthly
36-38 Westbourne Grove
London W2, England.

Be *sure* to print your full name and address on your letter when you send us your order.

Sean O'Mahony

London, England

HATES MICKY'S HAIR

Dear Miss Stavers,

I looked at the latest pix of MICKY and the new MONKEE segments on TV, and I decided that he looks *awful* with all that curly hair! I say it is *ugh*, and he should go back to wearing it *straight* or *slightly wavy*, like he used to—or *else!*

Miranda Cortez

Corpus Christi, Tex.

• Dear Miranda,

You're entitled to your tastes, but maybe the rest of the MONKEE fans dig MICKY all curly. Well, kids—what do you think? Should MICKY go back to his former hairstyle—or wear his hair curly? It's up to you!

BOX TOP BABY

Dear Miss Stavers,

I'm gone on the BOX TOPS and loved their hit *The Letter*. Please print their pic and an address where I can write to them.

Helen Tree

Detroit, Mich.

• Dear Helen,

You name it, you got it! Write to the BT in care of Amy-Mala Records, 1776 Broadway, New York City.

JANIS IAN IDOLATOR

Dear Miss Stavers,

What about the *girls* who are contributing so much to pop music? I think you neglect them. I hope you get around to running something on JANIS IAN one of these days.

Trish Carter

New York City

• Dear Trish,

Here is JANIS—and you can write to her in care of Jean Powell, 130 W. 57th Street, New York City. JANIS would love to hear from you.

MISSION: POSSIBLE

Dear Miss Stavers,

It is possible for you to tell me how I can get in touch with my favorite TV star, MARTIN LANDAU?

Bobby Greeley

Seattle, Wash.

• Dear Bobby,

Write to MARTIN in care of Mission Impossible, CBS-TV, Hollywood, Calif. If you put "I Am a 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope, you will be guaranteed a swift response.

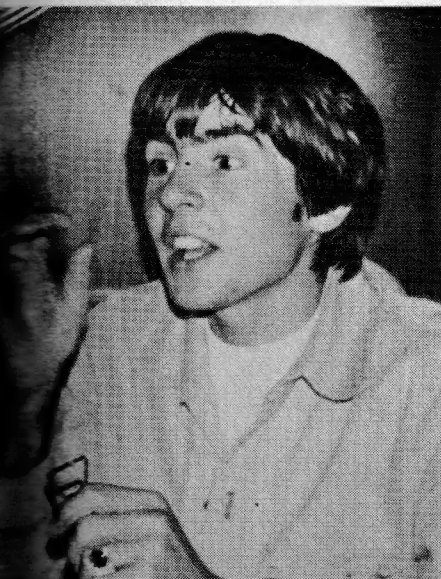
MONKEE TRIP!

Dear Miss Stavers,

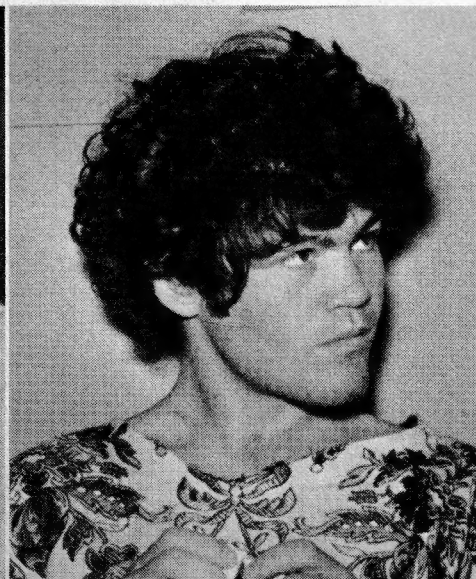
I am still off in space! I just got my fabulous *Monkees' Giant Color Poster*, which I ordered through 16, and it sent me soaring to trip city! Thank you so much!

Trudy Ames

Rocky Mount, N. C.



Davy replies: "I'll stay . . . !"



Micky



The Box Tops

NEXT TIME

hang on to yer old kazoo, Katie — look what we caught in our butterfly net! It's goin' to be kissin' time at 16's "O.K. Korral" & that's just the first of the kinky kinky fab fun surprises in store for YOU!

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"THE" GIRL THAT I MARRY!!

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WOW! YOU CAN WIN A PERSONAL PHONE CALL AND A HANDWRITTEN LETTER FROM DAVID JONES

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"IF YOU'RE SHY—I LOVE YOU": DINO DANELLI!

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★ FAN CLUBS ★ FAN CLUBS ★ FAN CLUBS ★

• Since so many readers wish to join or start fan clubs, here is a list of the national fan clubs of some of the top stars. A few stars have two (sometimes more) national clubs, and in due time we will list these. We will also list local chapters from time to time, and we suggest that fans in local areas contact local club presidents about joining.

To start your own club, or to join a club in your area, write to any of the following national fan clubs for information.

ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR A REPLY.

If you wish your fan club to be listed, send complete data — name, address and so on — to FAN CLUB DEPARTMENT, 16

MAGAZINE, 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Also enclose a note of authorization from the recognized fan club O.K.-ing you. Or send a sample kit of what you will give members in exchange for dues.

When you write to any of these fan clubs, be sure to put "I Am A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope.



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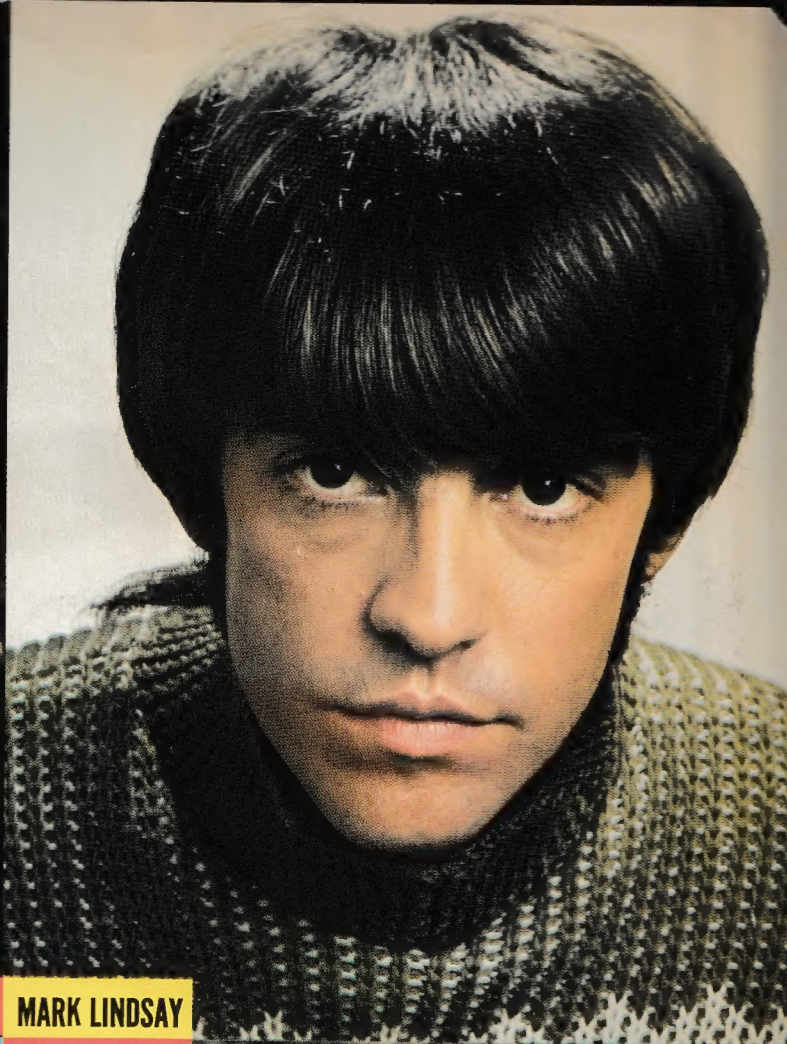
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